

# THE ACADEMY.

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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[New Issue.]

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
HUME'S LETTERS TO STRAHAN, by Col. F. GRANT	1
NASH'S LIFE OF LORD WESTBURY, by A. F. LEACH	3
DR. JESSOP'S VISITATION OF NORFOLK MONASTRIES, by WALTER RYE	3
BRANDER MATTHEWS'S ESSAYS, by WALTER LEWIN	4
TWO BOOKS ON PERSIA, by ARTHUR ARNOLD	5
NEW NOVELS, by J. B. ALLEN	6
CURRENT LITERATURE	7
RECENT THEOLOGY	8
NOTES AND NEWS	8
TRANSLATION: "HARK, THE HERALD ANGELS SING," by A. H. S.	9
MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS	9
SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS	9
CORRESPONDENCE:—	
Dr. Johnson's Letters, by Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill;	
Milton and Cadmon, by Prof. Westwood;	
Chaucer's <i>Eclipses</i> , by E. Bradley;	
The Word "Bore," a Tyroonian Talker, by Dr. Furnivall; On Translating Heine, by William Sharp; Mind and Matter, by W. E. Layton and Rev. Wentworth Webster	9
APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK	10
SOME GEOLOGICAL BOOKS	11
SCIENCE NOTES	12
PHILOLOGY NOTES	12
MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES	12
THE NATURE OF THE EGYPTIAN "KA," by Miss AMELIA B. EDWARDS	12
CORRESPONDENCE:—	
"Notes of the Principal Pictures in the Royal Gallery at Venice," by C. L. Eastlake and the Writer of the Notice	14
NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY	14
"MACBETH" AT THE LYCEUM, by F. WEDMORE	14
STAGE NOTES	15
MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS, by J. S. SHEDLOCK	15
MUSIC NOTES	16

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## LITERATURE.

*Letters of David Hume to William Strahan.*  
Now first edited with Notes, Index, &c.  
By G. Birkbeck Hill. (Clarendon Press.)

DR. BIRKBECK HILL is certainly one of our most indefatigable literary men. It is only eighteen months since we reviewed in the ACADEMY his excellent edition of Boswell's Johnson, the result of nearly a lifetime's research. Since then he has brought out *The Wit and Wisdom of Samuel Johnson*, of which we have not met with a copy, but it is said to be a well-arranged compilation. His new work is a collection of letters from David Hume to William Strahan, carefully edited with very copious notes. The series is not quite complete, a small portion having been previously disposed of by a former owner. We have recently come across one of the missing letters, which is not, however, of any importance; and we fancy that the present collection contains all that was best worth publishing.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill is a born annotator; and most persons will think that, though some of these letters contain curious information, and afford us vivid glimpses of eighteenth-century life and manners, they are of less interest than the editor's scholarly notes. To give an instance how thoroughly the work is done, we may mention that one letter of scarcely three pages has eighteen small type pages of notes, and another letter of about the same length has fourteen pages of notes; and, though some of these notes are rather discursive, not one appears to be inserted for a mere display of knowledge. Many of them are naturally biographical and historical, referring to persons and events mentioned in the letters; others illustrate such subjects as the national debt, official franks, the British Museum, stage coaches, the post office, copyright, &c.; and to those who remember Dr. Hill's edition of Boswell, it is needless to state that no literary allusion in the text is left unexplained. From the note on copyright most readers will learn with surprise that, so late as 1774, owners of copyright were supposed to hold their property in perpetuity. Dr. Hill tells us that

"Wm. Johnston, a retired bookseller, in the evidence which he gave two or three weeks later [than February, 1774] before a committee of the House of Commons, said that he had held in whole or in part the copyright of Camden's *Britannia*, Dryden's Works, Locke's Works, and Steele's *Tatler*, and that, by the threat of filing a bill in Chancery, he had restrained a Coventry bookseller from publishing an edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*" (p. 275).

In a note on Arlington Street, the editor

quotes from a letter of Horace Walpole, who writes (December 1, 1769):

"From my earliest memory Arlington Street has been the ministerial street. The Duke of Grafton is actually coming into the house of Mr. Pelham, which my lord president is quitting, and which occupies too the ground on which my father lived; and Lord Weymouth has just taken the Duke of Dorset's" (p. 95).

The passage requires further annotation to show how well Arlington Street deserved the epithet "ministerial." The Duke of Grafton was at that time prime minister, and his secretary of state for the Northern Department was Lord Weymouth, whose maternal grandfather, Lord Granville, better known as Carteret, had also been a resident in the same street. Henry Pelham, chief of the Broad Bottom administration, had occupied a house erected on the site where Sir Robert Walpole had lived during his tenure of office, and Sir Robert's next door neighbour had been Pulteney. "My Lord President" was Earl Gower, who, when "Pelham fled to heaven," appears from the rate-books to have purchased the house from his widow, Lady Catherine. We may add that Lord Salisbury occupies the family residence in Arlington Street, which thus retains its ministerial prestige.

But we must leave these interesting notes, and turn our attention to the more immediate subject of the work before us. The editor has very properly prefixed to the letters Hume's well-known autobiography and a brief memoir of William Strahan.

During his life Hume held almost the first place among men of letters, and his reputation was greater abroad than in his own country. But his writings are now neglected, and their author is little remembered. His *History* is to a great extent superseded, and his philosophical opinions have been considerably developed by their modern exponents. Hume was born in 1711. His career was singularly happy and successful, though he was always a determined grumbler. Very early in life he resolved to devote himself to literary pursuits, which to the last were his ruling passion. Soon after his second published work he accompanied General Sinclair as secretary and aide-de-camp in a military expedition to France, and afterwards acted in a similar capacity to the same officer during his mission to the courts of Turin and Vienna. The final volume of Hume's *History* appeared in 1761, and two years later he was appointed acting secretary to Lord Hertford's embassy in Paris, where he remained three years, the most brilliant, if not the happiest, of his life. Nothing could exceed the warmth of his reception in the French capital. Grimm writes:

"M. Hume doit aimer la France; il y a reçu l'accueil le plus distingué et le plus flatteur. Paris et la cour se sont disputé l'honneur de se surpasser" (p. 51).

Hume himself writes on the same subject to Robertson:

"Do you ask me about my course of life? I can only say, that I eat nothing but ambrosia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe nothing but incense, and tread on nothing but flowers" (p. 52).

Walpole declared that Hume was the only thing in which the French implicitly believed.

It is not easy to understand this extraordinary success, though it was doubtless in a great measure owing to Hume's reputation as an author and a freethinker; and the French, moreover, had always a rage for literary celebrities. Hume's personal appearance was not prepossessing. Lord Charlemont, who met him in Turin, wrote:

"His face was broad and fat, his mouth wide, and without any other expression than that of imbecility. His eyes vacant and spiritless, and the corpulence of his whole person was far better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating alderman than of a refined philosopher."

Hume's powers of conversation were as little calculated to win favour as his face and figure. In *Mdme. d'Epina's Mémoires* a story (quoted by Dr. Hill Burton) is told of Hume acting in some charades where the dialogue was to be improvised. He was assigned the part of a Sultan endeavouring to overcome the resistance of two obdurate beauties.

"On le place," we read, "sur un sofa entre les deux plus jolies femmes de Paris, il les regarde attentivement, il se frappe le ventre et les genoux à plusieurs reprises, et ne trouve jamais autre chose à leur dire que: 'Eh bien! mes demoiselles. Eh bien! vous voilà donc... eh bien! vous voilà... vous voilà ici?'"

Another instance of Hume's want of fluency of speech is related by Rousseau. The incident happened soon after the commencement of their well-known quarrel; a temporary reconciliation had been patched up, and a meeting arranged between the two estranged friends. At first they were both rather embarrassed, and little conversation was exchanged.

"Bientôt," writes Rousseau, "un violent remords me gagne; je m'indigne de moi-même; enfin dans un transport que je me rappelle encore avec délices, je m'élançai à son cou, je le serre étroitement; suffoqué de sanglots, inondé de larmes, je m'écriai d'une voix entrecoupée: 'Non, non, David Hume n'est pas un traître';... David Hume me rend poliment mes embrassements, et tout en me frappant de petits coups sur le dos, me répète plusieurs fois d'un ton tranquille: 'Quoi, mon cher Monsieur! Eh, mon cher Monsieur! Quoi donc, mon cher Monsieur!' Il ne me dit rien de plus" (p. 81).

But some of the friendships which Hume formed in Paris were enduring, and his correspondence with the charming *Mdme. de Boufflers* was continued as long as he lived.

Hume's political sagacity was not great, though he was one of those who foresaw that it was impossible to retain our American colonies. Through life a strong Tory, he dreaded any encroachments on the rights of the crown.

"Only consider," he writes in June 1771, "how many Powers of Government we lost in this short Reign. The right of displacing the Judges was given up; General Warrants are lost; the right of expulsion [from the House of Commons] the same; all the coercive Powers of the House of commons abandon'd; all Laws against Libel annihilated;... For God's sake, is there never to be a stop put to this inundation of the Rabble?" (p. 201).

Hume's character in private life was amiable, but we fear we must agree with Dr. Hill that his principles of honour were not high, though, perhaps, his practice was better; he certainly was much beloved by friends,

like Adam Smith and others, who knew him well. His antipathy towards England was very great. "Hume, in his abuse of the English," writes the editor, "as much surpassed Johnson in violence as he was inferior to him in wit" (p. 56).

Of Hume's opinions on religious subjects and ideas of a future state, we know nothing positive. Dr. Hill speaks of him as an Epicurean, and this is probably the best description that can be given. He certainly had no fear of death, and was singularly cool and collected in his last moments. A few days before he died, when his medical adviser told him that all would soon be over, he considered the prediction as good news; "for of late," he writes in his last letter to Strahan, "within these few weeks, my infirmities have so multiplied that Life has become rather a Burthen to me. Adieu, then, my good and old Friend." These lines, of which a facsimile is given in this volume, were written in a clear and legible hand on August 12, 1776. Hume died on August 25.

William Strahan was born at Edinburgh in 1715; and, "having served his apprenticeship in his native town," writes Dr. Hill, "he was enchanted, like so many of his countrymen, by 'the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees,' and took 'the high road that leads to England.'" He set up as a printer in London, and was so successful that in 1770 he purchased "a share of the patent for king's printer." His business establishment was in New Street, Fetter Lane, where his descendants, Messrs. Spottiswoode, still carry on the works. In 1774 he was returned to parliament for Malmesbury as the colleague of Charles James Fox. Strahan was a friend of Johnson, and is frequently mentioned in Boswell's *Life*. His son, Dr. George Strahan, was appointed vicar of Islington in 1773, and it was to his house that "Johnson went sometimes for the benefit of good air." The old vicarage, we are informed by the present incumbent, was pulled down four years ago, and its site is now occupied by the premises of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. William Strahan died in 1785.

We have left little space for extracts from the letters. The earlier portion of them is a good deal taken up with directions for the publication of his works, but occasionally we come across notices of important contemporary events. Soon after the accession of George III. Hume writes:

"Is this new Reign to be the Augustan Age? or have the Parsons got entire Possession of the young Prince? I hear that they brag much of their Acquisition; but he seems by his Speech to be a great Admirer of his Cousin of Prussia, who surely is no Favourite or Favourite of theirs" (p. 32).

A few months later he writes to introduce James Macpherson with a very warm letter of recommendation. Like many others, Hume was for some time convinced of the truth of Macpherson's pretensions. Gibbon not only believed that Ossian's poems were authentic, but, as late as 1776, quoted from them in the *Decline and Fall*. Horace Walpole, referring to the subject, wrote in 1761: "My doubts of the genuineness are all vanished." To the names of these believers may probably be added another still more illustrious—that of Edmund Burke. The editor supposes (and

we entirely agree with him) that Burke was the writer of a review of Ossian's poems in the *Annual Register* for 1761. The following passage is certainly either by Burke or by a very clever imitator of his style:

"The editor has recovered from the obscurity of barbarism, the rust of fifteen hundred years, and the last breath of a dying language, these inestimable relics of the genuine spirit of poetry" (p. 37).

Sturdy old Johnson, as is well known, declared from the first that the poems were a forgery, and the correctness of his judgment was soon almost universally acknowledged.

In 1765 Hume wrote from Paris an account of a grand dinner at the English embassy in honour of George III.'s birthday, and requested that the event might be recorded in the *Chronicle*, of which Strahan was then printer. The request was duly complied with, in the impression of June 13, by a paragraph which differs only in slight details from the description in the newspapers of similar festivities in 1888, though probably few of Lord Lytton's guests on that occasion appeared in "new and rich cloaths." Wilkes, who was in exile at Paris, wrote on June 5 of the previous year: "Lord Hertford gave yesterday a grand dinner to all the English here except *one*" (p. 69).

From the year 1769 the letters become more interesting. It was in that year that Hume settled down in Edinburgh to pass the remainder of his life. At first he lived in comfortable rooms purchased by him some years before in "James's Court," in the same house, but not on the same story, where Boswell afterwards entertained Johnson during his visit to Edinburgh. On October 25 Hume writes to Strahan:

"I never enjoyed myself better, nor was in better spirits, than since I came down here. I live as I please, spend my time according to my fancy, keep a plentiful table for myself and my friends, amuse myself with reading and society, and find the generality of the people disposed to respect me more on account of my having been well received in greater and more renowned places" (p. 112).

Hume's position was certainly a pleasant one. His means were ample, his health was good, and he had every prospect of some years of enjoyable existence. He had many friends, whom he entertained with splendid hospitality, and was especially proud of his old mutton and his old claret. Though himself a temperate man, he was a member and regular attendant at the meetings of the Poker Club—a convivial body whose direct and specific object, according to Dr. Hill Burton, was the consumption of claret. His leisure was employed in corresponding with friends at a distance, and making corrections for new editions of his works. He often quoted a saying of Rousseau that one half of a man's life is too short to write a book, and the other half too short to correct it. To a great extent the prejudices raised by Hume's philosophical writings had died away, though to the last he was sometimes subjected to annoyance from over-zealous believers. A tradition exists in Edinburgh that on one occasion when he had slipped into the boggy ground at the foot of the castle rock, he was rescued by a woman, who, when, however, she discovered that he was "Hume the

Deist," refused to help him till he had repeated the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. But this intolerance was rare, and Hume had little cause to regret his loss of office or the choice of Edinburgh as a residence.

London in the year 1769 was not a pleasant place to live in, especially for a Tory and a pessimist like Hume. In a letter already quoted from he writes: "As to my Notion of public Affairs, I think there are very dangerous Tempests brewing, and the Scene thickens every moment." Burke writes in the *Annual Register* that "the nation had been in a great ferment during the whole summer—the like had scarcely been ever remembered"; and again, in *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*: "Good men look upon this disordered scene with sorrow and indignation." The capital was a scene of daily riot. Bands of armed men wandered about committing every sort of outrage, and scarcely an attempt was made to repress them. The government had lost all power. The Duke of Grafton, a young man of dissolute life, was prime minister, but the king was supposed to be still under the influence of Lord Bute. In the House of Commons the ministry had lost the confidence of its supporters; and was assailed with insults and derision by its opponents, which it did not venture to resent. Lord Granby, the popular commander-in-chief, was notoriously unfavourable to the administration, and had already on one occasion voted with the opposition. In this year, too, commenced the letters of Junius, and were causing an extraordinary sensation (now rather difficult to understand); but the chief thorn in the side of the government was Wilkes, whose case had been mismanaged in every possible way. Dr. Hill writes in a note: "Had the pardon for which, in 1766, he [Wilkes] sued from the prime minister, the Duke of Grafton, been granted, he might have sunk altogether into oblivion" (p. 120). This is not quite accurate. The Duke of Grafton was not prime minister till the end of 1767; but there is little doubt that if Wilkes had been offered a place or a pension "he would have ceased to be a Wilkite many years before he did." There is a good deal of information about Wilkes in the editor's notes; but we wish he had added an interesting item of literary interest—that in the contest between Wilkes and Townsend for the mayoralty the latter was assisted by Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote paragraphs in the papers in support of his friend. Dr. Hill has, however, further on noted the curious fact that, in a letter written by Strahan to Hume, five days after Goldsmith's death, no allusion is made to the event (p. 285).

Early in 1770 the Duke of Grafton resigned; Lord North became prime minister; and the letters soon show that in home affairs, at least, his tact and common-sense had produced a marked change. In May Hume writes: "We are very happy that this Session is got over without any notable disaster" (p. 145); and some months later: "It is a pleasure, however, that the Wilkites and the Bill of Rights-men are fallen into total and deserved Contempt" (p. 161).

In June of this year (1770), Walpole was able to write to Mann:

"This is a slight summer letter, but you will



not be sorry it is so short, when the dearth of events is the cause. Last year I did not know but we might have a battle of Edgehill by this time. At present, my Lord Chatham could as soon raise money as raise the people; and Wilkes will not much longer have more power of doing either . . ." (p. 153).

The remaining part of the volume must be glanced at briefly. We have said nothing of Hume's literary judgments, and they will hardly commend themselves to the present generation. He preferred Home's "Douglas" to the plays of Shakspeare; and with the light literature of his own time he appears to have been little acquainted. He writes in 1773:

"For as to any Englishman, that Nation is so sunk in Stupidity and Barbarism and Faction, that you may as well think of Lapland for an Author. The best Book that has been writ by any Englishman these thirty Years (for Dr. Franklyn is an American) is *Tristram Shandy*, bad as it is. A Remark which may astonish you; but which you will find true on Reflection" (p. 256).

The remark is certainly astonishing when we consider that "in these thirty years" (as Dr. Hill points out in a note) had been published *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*, the Great Dictionary and *Rasselas*, Collins's Odes and all Gray's Poems; and (we should certainly add) Burke's political pamphlets. The editor suggests that Hume wished to pay a compliment to Franklin, who would probably see the letter.

We must pass over in silence the allusions to the dispute with Spain about the Falkland Islands, and to the revolt of our American colonies; but we cannot refrain from quoting one more extract, which contains a curious illustration of the manners of those days. When Hume, not long before his death, was travelling to Bath, he stopped for a short time at the inn at Speen Hill, and he writes on May 10, 1776:

"When we pass'd by Spine Hill, near Newbury, we found in the Inn Lord Denbigh, who was an Acquaintance of my Fellow Traveller [John Home]. His Lordship inform'd him that he, Lord Sandwich, Lord Mulgrave, Mr. Banks, and two or three Ladies of Pleasure, had pass'd five or six Days there, and intended to pass all this Week and the next in the same Place; that their chief object was to enjoy the trouting Season" (p. 324).

Lord Sandwich was the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lord Mulgrave was one of the junior lords. We learn from a note by the editor that in November of the same year,

"soon after the opening of Parliament, Mr. Luttrell moved an Address to the King for the removal of Lord Sandwich from office. . . Lord Mulgrave defended his chief. 'The British nation,' he said, 'had never known a First Commissioner of the Admiralty equal to the present in capacity and meritorious services'" (p. 328).

The motion was negatived without a division. We cannot conclude better than by repeating our praise of this interesting volume. We have never seen a work better edited or better annotated, and there is an excellent index.

F. GRANT.

*Life of Lord Westbury.* By Thomas Arthur Nash. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

In spite of the essentially defective plan on which this book has been written, a very readable and interesting *Life of Lord Westbury* has been produced. It is, perhaps, in one view a merit that the effect is not at all what it was expected to be—for instead of the study of the cynical, sharp-tongued wit, whose motto might be *tot verba tot verbera*, we have a picture of the benevolent and industrious paterfamilias, devoted to his pigs and his poultry, forced by adverse fate into being the best advocate, one of the ablest politicians, and the most reforming of lawyers of his day.

It is well that the domestic and private side of Lord Westbury's character should have been revealed to a world that in the end used him more hardly and harshly than he was supposed to wish to use the world. But it cannot but be considered an essential defect in a biography that it throws into the shade and hardly displays at all the qualities of the man which made him famous, and for which, after all, the public demanded that his life should be written and for which it will be read, but read almost in vain. The catastrophe of his life, that which has made him stand out from all other chancellors of the last 200 years, is told with so much reticence as to be absolutely unintelligible. Mr. Nash has apparently adopted the wrong view of the sensation caused by the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*; and, instead of taking with the necessary grain the outcry of critics against wounded feelings and injured susceptibilities, he has taken it with grand seriousness, not remembering the zest with which, while the critics struck, the public listened and read. The result will be that, while the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce* is passing through edition after edition, the *Life of Lord Westbury* will, like virtuous coldness in general, be praised but left out in the cold. The absurdity of it, too, is that while the chief offence caused by the *Wilberforce* memoirs was caused by the revelation of private opinions and confidential utterances not before known, Lord Westbury's views of men and things were no secret, and his satire and sarcasm were almost public property. As for the story of his fall, the care taken in telling it to avoid wounding susceptibilities is simply misplaced, since anyone who likes can read the whole story in Hansard; and any harm that could be done to the persons concerned was done twenty-three years ago, and is past praying for. In the interest of his hero himself, Mr. Nash has been very ill-judged in this respect. Any impartial person who reads the whole story in Hansard can hardly avoid the conclusion that Lord Westbury was made the victim of party passion and personal malice, as was shown by the attempt made to implicate Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord Palmerston during the debate on the vote of censure forced on at the fag end of a session, when a dissolution had already been announced. But Lord Westbury had offended two powerful interests—the High Churchmen and the high and dry lawyers—and has aroused personal animosities; and they found their revenge for a few biting phrases in the wreck of the career of the greatest chancellor of the century.

With his vivid wit, his reforming and constructive energy, and his constant reference to principles instead of rules and routine, Westbury stands out among the mere used-up lawyers or precise formalists who have usually adorned the woolsack before and after him, very much as Carlyle among historians or Latimer among preachers. Among chancellors, he was of the school of the Broughams and Thurlows rather than of the Eldons or the Hatherleys. He was supposed to be cynical and ill-natured by many who had suffered under his wit; but, in fact, he was only cynical as to views in which he did not believe and as to people whom he did not trust, and his ill-nature was no more than the surface irritability of a superior but impatient mind. It seems to have been purely intellectual, and his most ill-natured sayings were merely the flashes of an uncontrollable wit. Mr. Nash's pages amply demonstrate that Lord Westbury was never cynical in things which he thought important, such, for instance, as law reform, nor ill-natured to those who "knew him at home." He had a hard struggle in early life; and, unfortunately, the very qualities which gave him his paramount position in his profession—his power of sarcasm, his want of respect of persons, that is, his carelessness of what other people thought of themselves, and its correlative, carelessness of what other people thought of him—provoked and gave the opportunity to those who eventually hustled him off the woolsack. It was hard, too, on one who had throughout life depended on himself that in the crisis of his career he was attacked under circumstances in which he had to depend on others. Had he been in the House of Commons, if he had not obviated defeat, he would at least have left on record a speech as brilliant as that in which he annihilated Bishop Wilberforce in the House of Lords on the condemnation of *Essays and Reviews*, or the speeches in which he met Mr. Gladstone's onslaughts on the Divorce Bill.

As it was, though cut short prematurely in his career, he had done as much, as Sir Richard Bethell and Lord Westbury, for law reform of all kinds as half-a-dozen of his predecessors or successors. And he has left behind a fountain of wit, from which it is to be hoped some more copious draughts will be given to the world. Meanwhile, we may be thankful to Mr. Nash for having done for Bethell's private character very much what Sir George Trevelyan did for Macaulay's, in showing that he had a heart as well as a head; and for the story of his university and early bar career, which may afford pabulum to Mr. Smiles to show that in the learned profession as well as in the manufacture of shoddy there is no disadvantage in beginning life with half-a-crown if there be a whole head and a sound body.

ARTHUR F. LEACH.

*Visitations of the Diocese of Norwich, A.D. 1492-1532.* Edited by the Rev. A. Jessopp. (Printed for the Camden Society.)

In saying that the text of the above volume is one of the most valuable contributions to English history every issued by the Camden Society I commit myself to a very strong statement, but those who have read it will

agree with me that it is a true one. Dr. Jessopp is to be congratulated on having unearthed the MS., and has done good service to the literary world by procuring it to be printed.

But there praise must end; for his introduction is not worthy of him, and he has not used the material ready to his hand out of which he could have made a literary success in his own style. No one was better qualified than he to touch with a light hand the most interesting facts disclosed by the book, and sketch in vivid colours the inner life of the monasteries just before their suppression, had he taken Carlyle's *Past and Present* for his model. But, as it is, the preface is obviously hastily written, and is inaccurate in fact and loose in argument. Over production for popular periodicals has left Dr. Jessopp no time to make careful research or to check statements jotted down hurriedly, and the editing is not up to the usual standard of the Camden Society.

It would be unkind to track minutely all the slips of the author's flying men, but "trepidis" (xxi.), which is fancifully explained, is clearly his transcriber's error for "crepidis," the similarity between *c* and *t* of this date being fatal. Nor should a local antiquary of repute translate *corrody* "annuity," *communaius* "chief accountant," or *pinouna* "provision-contractor." A contractor surely implies one who gets profit from what he supplies, but that any officer of a monastic community was allowed to get anything out of his fellows is a startling assertion. There are many minor slips and misprints. It is almost incredible how anyone who knows Norwich so well could pass "Lollardes, Pittes." Again, at p. viii., there is the extraordinary statement that Rushworth College, founded in 1342, was the earliest college in the diocese of Norwich. Even admitting that Bury St. Edmunds, which is said to have become a perfect college in 925, and Glemsford, "founded *tempore* Edward the Confessor," were not colleges in the sense Dr. Jessopp apparently means, it seems hard to understand how he passed over the well-known colleges of Gressenhall (founded in the reign of Henry III.), Thetford, Thompson, and Caister (in the reign of Edward I.), and the still better known college of the Chapel in the Field at Norwich before 1331.

As to why the *Visitations* include certain monasteries and omit others, Dr. Jessopp offers no suggestion beyond pointing out that certain houses (the number of which he inaccurately gives as seven—there were really more) were specially exempt from the bishop's jurisdiction. But, unless we suppose *all* five visitations are imperfect, this does not account for the omission of very many other well-known monasteries; and the real solution, of course, is that they were cells to other monasteries which were themselves exempt.

The line that Dr. Jessopp takes as to certain nameless accusations is absolutely incomprehensible. He unhesitatingly puts them down as false; and of a note in which I controverted his views elsewhere he says (xii. n.) that it will be taken for what it is worth, though he does not reply to it. After editing a volume which not only teems with accusations and reports on minor immoralities but actually (pp. 204, 250) proves that two accusations

were made of a major sin, and which hints at it on pp. 200, 266, and 269, he actually reiterates his opinion. It is idle to get hysterical over hateful things, and to say that they did not exist because they were hateful—to talk of "hideous comperta," and so on, and to urge that the scandals which justified the dissolution were the "horrible inventions" of "miserable men," "hired detectives of the very vilest stamp come to levy blackmail," and so on. The evidence now printed is not that of any one of this class. It is a record never meant to be read by a layman, and it bears ample proof that everything possible was hushed up; but it proves up to the hilt that in over thirty instances monks accused monks of immorality and vice. Is it probable that *all* these accusations were untrue—that a monk would venture to accuse his superior before the official who, if he disbelieved his story, had practically the power of life and death over him? And, in any case, if all the accusations were false and the accused all innocent, how very vile and very base must have been the thirty accusers, and how unlike the blameless and bland devotees pictured in Dr. Jessopp's fancy sketch! How he can reconcile his statement on p. xii., that "no such charges or anything like them are to be looked for in the following pages," with the text and specially with his own words on p. xxxiii., that "there had been a hideous and revolting scandal among the brethren," it is, indeed, hard to say. A valuable excerpt from a visitation of St. Mary of Thame in 1526, recently printed by Mr. G. C. Perry in the October number of the *Historical Review* (p. 704), still further proves that similar charges were made and investigated by the ecclesiastical authorities, who had the best reason for denying their existence.

But enough has been said to show that the writer is not at his best when dealing with dry facts or when arguing on them. As one of the most delightful essayists of the day—one might almost say the master of antiquarian romance—he is unrivalled, and he has probably done more than anyone living to popularise antiquarian study; but his Pegasus goes very reluctantly in the shafts of hard work, and was obviously kicking over the traces in the concluding paragraphs of the introduction, which betray undisguised joy at coming to an end of his task.

WALTER RYE.

*Pen and Ink*: Papers on Subjects of more or less Importance. By Brander Matthews. (Longmans).

THERE is a happy blending of wisdom and gaiety in these essays of Mr. Brander Matthews. While never profound, they are seldom frivolous. Of sound common-sense there is plenty, and philosophy and moral instruction are not wanting. But when these occur they are sure to be whimsically stated, or to be standing shoulder to shoulder with some application or comment more or less fantastic. Whatever of the useful is offered is well wrapped up in the entertaining—like a pill in a plenitude of jam—after this fashion:

"Poker is a true touchstone of character. In great trials a man generally tries to act as he ought, while in little affairs he shows himself as he really is. I know a gentleman

who says he will allow no man to marry his daughter until he has tested his temper and gained an insight into his character by playing poker with him" (p. 205).

Several of the papers have been gathered from magazines, where, in some instances, they attracted considerable attention.

The papers on literary topics contain some sound criticism. Certain modern English novels might well have been in Mr. Matthews's mind when he wrote, "A brutal misuse of the supernatural is perhaps the very lowest degradation of the art of fiction." Here is a well-drawn comparison between Poe and Hawthorne:

"There is a propriety in Hawthorne's fantasy to which Poe could not attain. Hawthorne's effects are moral where Poe's are merely physical. The situation and its logical development and the effects to be got out of it are all Poe thinks of. In Hawthorne the situation, however strange and weird, is only the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual struggle. Ethical consequences are always worrying Hawthorne's soul; but Poe did not know that there were any ethics" (p. 79).

A little farther on, he adds:

"In Poe's hands the story of 'The Ambitious Guest' might have thrilled us with a more powerful horror; but it would have lacked the ethical beauty which Hawthorne gave it, and which makes it significant beyond a mere feat of verbal legerdemain. And the subtle simplicity of the 'Great Stone Face' is as far from Poe as the pathetic irony of 'The Ambitious Guest.' In all his most daring fantasies Hawthorne is natural; and, though he may project his vision far beyond the boundaries of fact, nowhere does he violate the laws of nature" (pp. 80, 81).

This level of criticism is not maintained in the essays on "Two Latter-day Lyrists," where Mr. Frederick Locker and Mr. Austin Dobson are discussed. These two papers are not without their good points, but they are sadly marred by superlatives. Superlatives, like seasoning, should be used with caution, a fact which, in this instance, Mr. Matthews has quite ignored. "The perfection of daintiness and delicacy"; "as purely a lyric as the song of the thrush itself"; "a marvel of refinement and restraint"; "the spirit of all Mr. Dobson's work is beautiful"; "there is unfailing elevation"; "a happy mingling of a broad and genial humanity with an extraordinarily fine artistic instinct"—gushing phrases such as these are to be expected where some eager but injudicious log-roller strives to impose an aspiring nobody upon a guileless public; or where the aspiring nobody, for purposes of his own, seeks to flatter an author of renown. But that a humourist of Mr. Matthews's calibre, who is also something of a critic, could write them, is wonderful. Nor does it seem complimentary or altogether just to Mr. Locker and Mr. Dobson to make them the subjects of such extravagant eulogy.

The paper, "On the French spoken by those who do not speak French," is a protest, much needed, against a prevalent literary vice. Mr. Brander Matthews is sorry Thackeray did not write one of his "Round-about Papers" on the subject, for

"it is a subject which seems most suitable for the author of the *Book of Snobs*; for, above all things, is there snobbishness in the affecta-



tion of being on speaking terms with the French language, when, in very truth, it barely returns your bow" (p. 168).

For a stern moralist on this matter, Mr. Brander Matthews is himself too prone to drop into French; but his own deficiencies in this particular do not detract from the justice, though they may diminish the force, of his precepts. In his case, as in that of some other preachers, "Do as I say and don't do as I do," is a good motto. But for his own sake Mr. Matthews should not neglect the admirable warning given by no less an authority than himself, that the habit of dropping into French "is as enfeebling as the habit of punning." In this particular the writer of an English book for English readers ought to be a total abstainer.

"A national hymn," says Mr. Matthews in the paper on "The Songs of the Civil War," "is one of the things which cannot be made to order. No man has ever sat him down and taken up his pen and said 'I will write a national hymn,' and composed either words or music which a nation was willing to take for its own."

The statement is true generally, but "never" is a strong word. Am I mistaken in thinking that the battle-song of English Jingoism, "Rule Britannia," which almost rivals our so-called national hymn, breaks Mr. Brander Matthews's rule?

The essay on "The True Theory of the Preface" was a good deal discussed when it appeared in *Longman's Magazine* not many months ago. It is an ingenious piece of work. According to Mr. Matthews "a book with a good preface is half-way on the high-road to success." A good preface is "appetizing, alluring, enticing." It is a mistake to suppose that nobody reads a preface:

"Perhaps that impalpable entity the general reader may skip it not infrequently; but that tangible terror, the critic, never fails to read the preface, even when he reads no farther. . . . The critic is a very different sort of person from the general reader, and it is meat and drink to him to read a preface."

Therefore the author should write his preface for the critic, to guide him as to the character of the book and as to the things he should say about it. The use of the term "critic" in this connexion is, of course, too general to be entirely accurate; but there are plenty of tasters for newspapers, who, assuredly, are only too glad to compile their notices from prefaces. It is not necessary to follow Mr. Matthews's argument; but a piece of advice like the following is worth quoting and has applications wider than the question immediately in hand: "Hold the head up; look the world in the eye; and he is a churlish critic who does not at least treat you with respect." It is a pity Mr. Matthews has not given us in the present volume a specimen of the ideal preface he recommends. It would have been a task worthy of his skill.

On the whole, readers have good reason for gratitude to Mr. Matthews, who has given them a book which is, what a certain popular magazine professes to be, interesting from end to end.

WALTER LEWIN.

#### TWO BOOKS ON PERSIA.

*A Personal Narrative of the Euphrates Expedition.* By William Francis Ainsworth, Surgeon and Geologist to the Expedition. In 2 vols. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

"The Story of the Nations."—*Persia.* By S. G. W. Benjamin, lately United States Minister to Persia. (Fisher Unwin.)

MR. AINSWORTH'S narrative begins "towards the end of the year 1834," and the half century and more which has elapsed since his notes were recorded has produced a stream of works relating to every part of the countries which he traversed. We are constrained to say there is nothing of novelty, or of careful scientific research, in these volumes such as to make them worthy and welcome. Mr. Ainsworth has imposed upon us the task of reading his eight hundred pages; and we regret, for his sake and for our own, that he did not publish his narrative before her Majesty began her reign. In the Preface, Mr. Ainsworth states "that no fully detailed account" of the "Euphrates Expedition has been given"; and we thought that possibly, after fifty years, there might be some matter of permanent value to be made public. But these volumes are for the most part made up with worthless commonplace.

"The Colonel having dismounted to get a good shot, his steed bolted." "Colonel Chesney and I had ridden on to secure quarters." "There was the same cloudless sky, starry with constellations by which Abraham steered his course from his fatherland,"

are not details for which we have time and patience after the lapse of half a century.

Mr. Ainsworth was geologist to the expedition; and there is room even now for a scientific description of the most interesting and ancient monuments of Asia. After pages full of scraps of history which have no more connexion with the expedition than with Whitechapel, Mr. Ainsworth says: "The most remarkable monument still existing at Tarsus is known as the Dunuk Tash—a vast, solid parallelogram of masonry." Longing for scientific, especially geological, description, upon which the rust of fifty years would be imperceptible, this is what we obtain:

"This monument has attracted the attention of all travellers, and M. Gilet made endeavours, not without some success, to penetrate into the interior; and M. Langlois has placed on record a minute detail of its structure and dimensions."

If Mr. Ainsworth had shown these "details" to any judicious friend, he would have said: "Throw away at once and for ever all your ill-sorted pickings from ancient history, all your ill-digested Strabo and Pliny, all about Xerxes, and the rest. Keep only that which may by any decent pretext be included under the promise of your preface as details of the expedition." The result would certainly have been slender, and might be read in a comparatively short time, but Mr. Ainsworth would have been less open to reproach. As to Persepolis, Mr. Ainsworth gives us an original speculation: "Is it possible that the unicorn represents an animal that has become extinct within historical times?" But his description of the ruins is

inferior to a dozen contributed by more recent visitors.

Now that the Shah has just opened the Karūn to free navigation, we turned with hope to what "the geologists to the exhibition" might say upon the rocks at Ahwas which bar the ascent against any vessel of useful size. And here then is some matter of real interest. From Mohammerah "so facile was the navigation that we effected a distance of sixty-eight miles in ten-and-a-half hours." At Ahwas, less than half the distance for which the Karūn is navigable to Shuster,

"a ridge of tertiary or supra-cretaceous sandstones cross the gentle, almost imperceptible slope towards the Kurdish mountains, some hundreds of miles away. Ledges of rock impede the navigation of the river; and a few hundred yards below the town a regular reef, called the Bund, stretches from bank to bank, giving rise to rapids which are sometimes dangerous to native boats."

This difficulty may be overcome by the construction of a canal by which vessels could pass round the rapids and into the stream, which nine miles above Ahwas is 150 yards broad. At Shuster goods may be landed 244 miles nearer to Ispahan than at Bushire, the usual port of entry.

Mr. Benjamin's conclusion that Russia "undoubtedly intends, sooner or later, to extend her sway over Persia," is not very unlike that of Mr. Ainsworth, who thinks "one of the next phases" will be Russia and England fighting for supremacy at the mouth of the Euphrates, "which Russia will probably reach by the uplands of Persia." Neither view is quite consistent with British naval supremacy in the Persian Gulf, and neither writer assumes that supremacy to have been lost. But this is almost the only remark upon contemporary affairs in Mr. Benjamin's book, which, except in its final pages, is made up of much of all the questionable information that is obtainable concerning the Persian kings from Feridoon and Shah Djemsheed down to Nazr'ed'deen Shah, Kajar, who has just now completed forty years of reign over Persia. The story of the great Rustem, and how he slew in single combat his son Sohrab, ignorant of their relation until the moment of the young hero's death, is, perhaps, the most attractive portion of the work. No attempt is made to write up to the interesting illustrations, which are taken from the works of Malcolm and Justi, and are sown with a rough broadcast upon Mr. Benjamin's pages. We do not know by what class of readers information such as this, relating to the Mohammedan conquest of Persia, is valued: "Firoozan was killed, and it is said that 100,000 of the routed army fell in the disorderly flight"; or this, with regard to Nadir's invasion of India: "It is said 100,000 people were massacred in one day in the streets of Delhi." Mr. Benjamin has, however, written a second work on Persia, and carries into his retirement a larger knowledge of that empire than is possessed by any other citizen of the United States.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

## NEW NOVELS.

*Concerning Oliver Knox.* By G. Colmore. (Fisher Unwin.)

*The Old Adam; a Tale of an Army Crammer.* By Hugh Coleman Davidson. In 3 vols. (Sampson Low.)

*The Road from Ruin.* By C. L. Pirakis. In 2 vols. (Spencer Blackett.)

*That Unfortunate Marriage.* By Frances Eleanor Trollope. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

*Annie Kilburn.* By William D. Howells. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

*Claire.* By the Author of "Vida." (Glasgow: Maclehose.)

*Our Boy.* By Jessie M. Barker. (Roper & Drowley.)

It is a real pleasure, after reading what is presumably a first attempt in fiction, to feel honestly justified in congratulating the author, and urging him to persevere in the path he has chosen. In *Concerning Oliver Knox* Mr. G. Colmore has, without doubt, written a very remarkable story, and shown dramatic powers of an uncommon order. The book is distinguished both by simplicity of material and by an intense depth of colouring. Only three characters are brought prominently into view—Oliver Knox, his wife Lavinia, and his mistress, Hester Blake, with whom, after his marriage, he carries on, *more Gallico*, an almost undisguised intrigue. Only three passions may be said to have been employed by the author for the purpose of developing his drama—love, hatred, and pitiless revenge. They are the all-absorbing motives throughout; no other considerations seem to have any place—no thought of heaven, no dread of future retribution, no regard for the opinions of mankind. The actors in the tale live a life of their own, unknown of neighbours, uncaring for religion, cut off alike from humanity and God. All this, while it forbids us to look for any sort of ulterior meaning or moral purpose in the book, undoubtedly imparts to it a weird fascination, which is, perhaps, the only effect the author intended to create. There are imperfections, no doubt, in the tale. Its incidents are intrinsically improbable, if not impossible. And there is an accumulation of ghastly horrors at the close (where the only character permitted to survive is a mouthing and moaning maniac), which suggests an almost childlike appetite for destruction on the part of the writer. Mr. Colmore may possess a healthy contempt for that modern phase of sentimentalism which would fain have Romeo and Juliet finally set up, married and happy, in a suburban villa; but he might, without risking any imputation of artistic anti-climax, have assigned some less deplorable fate than a pauper's death in a London garret to the miserable woman whose heart has been broken and temper soured, and whose twenty-two years of married life have been blasted by the merciless brutalities of the fiend she called husband. But, for all that, the book is a strong one—the strongest, perhaps, that has appeared this season—and cannot fail to make its mark. Mr. Colmore must, however, give us a longer story next time.

The author of *The Old Adam* is more to be congratulated on the treatment of his subject than on the subject itself. There is always rather an element of incongruity about the love-making of youths, who, though released from school, are still *in statu pupillari*. However, if this small difficulty can be got over, there is plenty else in the book to amuse and entertain. The easy life and rollicking pranks of a fashionable crammer's establishment furnish plenty of matter for humorous description; and the central figure, Dr. Copingstone, is really an excellent portrait of a man whose warm-hearted nature is so entirely hidden under a crust of pompous formality that he deceives even his own children. Of these, Arnold, the son, actually leaves his father's home to seek his own fortune; the daughter, Nellie, is afraid in time of trouble to confide in him. And these circumstances, together with an unfortunate element of cunning and suspicion in the doctor's own nature, are the chief causes of the complication which forms the plot of the novel. Mr. Davidson has a good deal of descriptive power, and can successfully elaborate a mystery and keep it running through three volumes without tiring the reader. As a rule, his allusions to matters of every-day fact are correct enough; but (vol. ii., p. 147), to a man standing on the sea-wall at Hastings, Beachy Head could scarcely be said to "frown out of the haze in the far east."

*The Road from Ruin* is remarkable chiefly for a hero, Gerald Chertseye by name, of provokingly weak character, who, beyond being lavishly and foolishly generous, has little claim upon our sympathy. At the opening of the story, Gerald's father, Lord Chertseye, has been dead a year, while Gerald himself, who five years previously had quarrelled with him and left England in a fit of temper, has completely disappeared. Pending news of him, his cousin, Horace Chertseye, the next heir, is presiding over Chertseye Manor by order of the Court of Chancery. Horace is a keen man of business, and fitted to make a much better manager of the estate than Gerald; but he is cold-blooded, selfish, a scoundrel, &c., &c., and the requirements of the story compel us to regard him with horror. At length Gerald, somewhere in the Australian bush, receives the news of his father's death, and immediately returns to England, almost heart-broken at the thought that his conduct may have hurried the old man into his grave. In the bitterness of his remorse, he even determines that he is no fit person to be master of Chertseye Manor, and is with difficulty saved by his friends from transferring the estate to his cousin. Though this pitch of absurdity is prevented, he persists in evading his responsibilities as a peer and a landlord; and, being supposed to have perished in a fire that has broken out in a lunatic asylum, where he had been appropriately confined, he sails again from England, leaving Horace to the enjoyment of the title and property. Worse still, he calmly resigns Violet Constable—who has loved him from a child, and for whom he himself entertains a passion—to Horace, who is also her lover, comforting himself with the reflection that she will perhaps be happier with his cousin. Meekness and resignation are estimable virtues

in their place, but they are contemptible in a lover, and sure to be condemned by all novel readers.

To the jaded novel-reviewer it is a relief to come across an author whose name alone guarantees the excellence of the literary fare provided. *That Unfortunate Marriage*, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, yields to none of this lady's previous works in point of faithful and observant portraiture, with all the quiet humour which accompanies thoroughly natural description of life and manners. What more, then, is there to be said? It would be invidious to select instances of character-drawing where all, from peer to peasant, are excellent of their kind; and as for the story, that is a minor affair. One rises from the book with the feeling that one hardly remembers or cares what it has been about, in the delight of having formed a new and interesting circle of acquaintances, whose counterparts we know to exist in the world around us, and whose thoughts and ways have become so familiar that we could tell to a nicety what any one of them would say or do under any given circumstances.

As readers of Mr. Howells would be prepared to expect, *Annie Kilburn* is rather a psychological study than a novel, having no plot whatever, and no particular ending to speak of. The heroine, or, more properly speaking, the principal subject of analysis and delineation in the book, is an unmarried woman of thirty, who desires to do some real good work with her money and her time. After a few muddles and blunders, she is just upon the point of landing herself in a situation resembling that of Alan Dunlop, so familiar to readers of Mr. Walter Besant's *Monks of Thelema*, when she is saved from committing an actual absurdity by the death of the Rev. Julius W. Peck, a devout apostle of Christian Socialism, whose example and theories have made a powerful impression upon her. No short outline could convey any idea of the quaint humour, sparkling dialogue, and subtly analytical description with which the work abounds. From this brief notice it will be gathered that *Annie Kilburn* is in a general way typical of the author's method, and exhibits no particular departure from the lines upon which Mr. Howells has earned his reputation as a writer of fiction.

Dialect is a medium which requires to be rather judiciously handled by a novelist; and to anyone intending to intersperse a work freely with it we would fain whisper, "commendat rarior usus." The Scotch of Burns, for example, has undoubted charms, which, however, are apt to produce satiety when presented in too great abundance. It is more than probable that many a reader south of the Tweed who comes across *Claire*, and glances at the opening chapter, beginning with, "Eh, Allan, lad, is that you? Dinna sit doon," &c., will close the book without going further. It is only fair to say that the base Southron who does so will miss a very pretty story. Without being exactly original, the characters are drawn with fidelity. There is also a good deal of real pathos, and here and there some touches of national humour.

A pleasant flavour of tea leaves, cathedral-town gossip, and mild flirtation pervades the



pages of *Our Boy*, and the book will no doubt be attractive enough to the class of readers who delight in these quiet scenes of everyday life. Duke Darmyn runs away, when a boy, from his drunken father, and after a while is adopted into the family of a clergyman named Meadows. He has a talent for music, and is ultimately appointed assistant organist in a neighbouring cathedral town. In the early part of his career he becomes engaged to a shallow-minded girl named Rosalie Stroud, who throws him over on account of his father, who has become a drunken tramp. This father continues to be a bar to Duke's prospects until carried off by death, after which Duke marries Kitty Meadows, the companion of his childhood. Miss Barker might with advantage study a little more variety in her plots. Readers of *Mary Elwood*, her previous work, will notice that its conditions and those of the present tale are almost precisely similar. In both stories the hero and heroine are playmates in childhood, and, after being separated by circumstances or misunderstandings, meet again and marry at the end. The fact that Mary Elwood marries a missionary, and Kitty Meadows an organist, does not do much towards diversifying the general agreement in the plan of the two books.

JOHN BARROW ALLEN.

#### CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Life Aboard a British Privateer in the Reign of Queen Anne.* Being the Journal of Captain Woodes Rogers, Master Mariner. With Notes and Illustrations by Robert C. Leslie. (Chapman & Hall.) Mr. Leslie is to be congratulated no less upon his choice of a subject than upon the manner in which he has treated it. What boy's ears will not tingle at learning that he can here read the story of a voyage round the world of two Bristol "frigots" in 1708-1711, who had the renowned Dampier for their pilot, and who rescued Alexander Selkirk from the island of Juan Fernandez? Even the romantic exploits of Sir Amyas Leigh pale before this simple narrative of hardships and dangers encountered with a temper worthy of the companions of Ulysses. From it we discover whence Defoe acquired that artless realism which is as conspicuous in *Captain Singleton* as it is in *Robinson Crusoe*. Would that our modern caterers for the appetites of boys would follow so classical an example! Mr. Leslie has unearthed his treasure from a forgotten book, of which he has unpardonably omitted to give us the full title. Wherever he transcribes from his original he uses marks of quotation; and his own comments are so apposite and illustrative that we can well believe he has left no sound ears for another to glean. To add to the charm of his volume for grown-up readers, he has had it printed at the Chiswick Press, on hand-made paper, with ample margins, and has not been sparing of italic type; while he has illustrated it with plates from his own drawings and a few woodcuts, which alike recall the old seafaring life. We know no book of this winter season which would form a more interesting and instructive present.

*English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages.* By J. J. Jusserand. Translated from the French by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin.) As we reviewed this book at some length (ACADEMY, October 18, 1884) at the time of its first appearance under the title of *La Vie Nomade et les Routes d'Angleterre*, we must be excused now for doing no more than

giving it a hearty welcome in its new dress. The French original was published by Hachette, in their "Bibliothèque variée, format en-16," at 3*fr.* 50*c.* The English translation has been augmented by about one-fourth of new matter, and has been illustrated with some sixty cuts, mostly from old MSS., but also including several modern photographs of architectural subjects. The author, whose studies we may presume to have lain chiefly in literature, was well advised in accepting the collaboration of Miss Toulmin Smith, than whom there are few more trustworthy guides among the records and MSS. of the British Museum. It is from these sources that most of the illustrations have been taken—notably from the Louterell Psalter and the Ellesmere MS. of the "Canterbury Tales." The result is a handsome volume, which may be warmly recommended to all who wish to obtain a picture of one aspect of English life in the fourteenth century. For such a pleasant introduction to the history of our own country we have to thank a French scholar, who has also made a special study of the early English drama and the early English novel. Where are we to look for the Englishman who can write—we do not say school books—but serious essays of a similar character on French history or French literature?

*The Gold of Fairlie.* By Andrew Lang. Frontispiece by T. Scott. Drawings by E. A. Lemann. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.) If Mr. Lang condescends to tell a fairy tale of the Scotch border to his niece "far away on the other side of the world"—where bunyips usurp the place of fairies—and to print it for the general good, it is not for critics to examine too curiously into its substance. Even the most austere will feel that the author took pleasure in calling back to mind the simple excitements of his boyish days and the legends of his own home—the country of Scott, and Leyden, and Hogg. We cannot pretend to think that an additional charm is given by the coloured illustrations, though some are better than others; and the heavily glazed paper quickly works ruin to the binding.

*Giannetta: a Girl's Story of Herself.* By Rosa Mulholland. (Blackie.) As a rule, autobiographies are to be avoided; but there are exceptions, and this tasteful volume is among the exceptions. Giannetta's story is perhaps improbable, and most certainly could never have been told by an Italian peasant's child; but it is nevertheless extremely well told and full of interest. But we can imagine that its readers in the schoolroom will not be all of one mind as to the "Irish business" which occupies no small portion of the tale. The Home Rule question will give rise to lively discussions, with a decided tendency to take the side of the people against the oppressing landlords. It is almost a matter of course that the representative of the latter class should be a baronet, for authors seem to have made up their minds that the "red hand of Ulster" is to be regarded as the badge of moral depravity. Giannetta is a true heroine—a warm-hearted, self-sacrificing, and, as all good women nowadays are, largely touched with the enthusiasm of humanity. Irish evictions call forth a display of her characteristics; and we should certainly rejoice with her if they were at an end, and that cottage industries pursued by a contented and thrifty race should make Glenmalone an example which all the rest of Ireland would be eager to follow. The mystery of Giannetta's birth is not the only one in the story; but we must not divulge the author's secrets, which are well preserved by herself. The illustrations by Lockhart Bogle are unusually good, and combine with the binding and printing to make this one of the most attractive gift-books of the season.

*Miss Hope's Niece: a Story for Girls.* By C. Selby Lowndes. (Seeley.) A thoroughly healthy tone pervades this pleasantly-written tale, and enables us to recommend it without reservation. The style is natural and the incidents are of the same character, being just what might happen at any time in any English country neighbourhood. The reader is not wearied by sermons in ill disguise, but is allowed to draw for herself the moral (for there is a moral) which the story is designed to teach. Mrs. Selby Lowndes reached last year a high level with the story we then noticed—*Both Sides of the River*. She has retained it this year.

*The Captain General.* By W. J. Gordon. (Frederick Warne.) Really Mr. Gordon quite takes our breath away by his preface. He was born too late or too early. Could anything be less in accordance with the spirit of the age than to write a story of piracy with the deliberate intention of not dwelling on the details of crime more than was necessary? And what is more strange he has carried out his intention; and, though there is plenty of downright wickedness and fighting, and any amount of material for one of the most sensational stories of the day, there is not an attempt "to pile up the agony" anywhere throughout the book. Even in the matter of bad language he has not made anything like the best of a more than usually splendid opportunity. Mr. Gordon, indeed, seems to have set himself the task of trying to realise for us, in the spirit rather of a historian than a novelist, what a voyage such as that of the *Batavia* was like in the third decade of the seventeenth century. It was a voyage in a Dutch East Indiaman, with mutineers on board—a voyage of which many authentic records have been left, and one of no little historical interest; for the *Batavia* was the flag-ship of a fleet of eleven which, freighted with emigrants, set forth on an attempt to colonise New Holland. The fleet met with a fearful storm, in which all the ships except the *Batavia* foundered, and she only escaped the winds and waves to fall a prey to the shoals of Houtman's Abrolhos. There, on the miserable coral islands, in the absence of the brave Koopman Pelsart, who had set off in search of assistance, a terrible tyranny was established by one Jerome Cornelis, the Captain General, as his dupes and accomplices agreed to call him. What revolts and murders, treacheries and slaughters, stained his short dominion, and what happened when Pelsart returned in the "*Saardam*," we will not say; but we can recommend all who love true tales of adventure, told in terse and nervous English, to read the book and discover for themselves. They will find the meat quite strong enough without the seasoning of superfluous expletives or extravagances of imagination. In the simple force with which the whole narrative is brought before them, they will be reminded of Defoe; and if they be politicians, they will find much wholesome food for reflection in the career of the Captain General, and those who were foolish enough to trust in him.

*Dulcie and Tottie.* By Evelyn Everett-Green. (Nelson.) This is an interesting and thoroughly wholesome story, in which all the characters are well-drawn, and all the incidents well-chosen and arranged; and, though we are not quite satisfied that Gilbert should take Norman's birthright, it is rather because the former was such a contemptible character than because we wish Norman to become a very wealthy banker. Dulcie and Tottie are two delightful children, and Aunt Mostyn and Aunt Susan the dearest of old maids. The contrast between the new and the "old-fashioned" systems of education is well, and not too strongly, drawn, and the religious spirit which underlies the

whole story is wholly free from sectarianism and cant.

*The Battlefield Treasure.* By F. Bayford Harrison. (Blackie.) There is a good deal of antiquarian knowledge about Shropshire in this little book, and rather a thin story running through it. But the moral is excellent.

*Arm-chair Essays* (Ward & Downey) is, like its predecessor by the same author, *Three-Cornered Essays*, a collection of desultory papers on a great variety of subjects, mostly, however, of a familiar and homely kind. They deal with such topics as "The Ethics of Dining," "Two Peeps into Spain," "The Inner life of a London Hospital," "Some Experiences of Weddings," &c. They are very agreeably written, and are likely to subserve the armchair delectation contemplated by the author. As indicated by the title, they make no pretence at grappling with serious subjects, though they contain ample indications that the author is a thoughtful as well as a well-read man. His talent for accurate observation of the humorous aspects of human life, and for a corresponding description of them, makes his book very pleasant reading.

#### RECENT THEOLOGY.

*The Comprehensive Teachers' Bible.* Containing the Old and New Testament according to the Authorised Version, together with new and revised Helps to Bible Study, a New Concordance, and an Indexed Bible Atlas. (Bagster.) This "Teachers' Bible has some excellent features, though we do not think that on the whole it compares favourably with the similar work issued by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode in 1880. It has nothing corresponding to the notes containing various readings and renderings by Profs. Cheyne, Driver, and Sanday, which formed the most valuable part of the earlier book; and the anonymous articles on the natural history and ethnology of the Bible, and similar subjects, though good, are not equal to those contributed by eminent specialists to Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode's volume. The list of personal names, with their interpretations, is quite out of date, the results of Assyriological discovery, in particular, being almost wholly ignored. On the other hand, the account of the several books of the Bible is well-written and scholarly. The author's usual point of view is, indeed, that of rigorous "orthodoxy" with regard to critical questions; but he neither ignores the existence of views opposed to his own, nor vituperates those who advocate them. The unity of the Book of Isaiah is treated as an open question, and the late date of Ecclesiastes is admitted without hesitation (though in the "Chronological Arrangement" the book is ascribed to Solomon). In the remarks on the "Song of Songs" the writer shows no sympathy with the whimsical delusion which has converted a pretty pastoral comedy into a solemn allegory. The Concordance we cannot pretend to have examined in detail, but we note that the passages referred to seem to be judiciously selected for their intrinsic interest or their familiarity as quotations. A feature that deserves approving mention is the index of passages of the Old Testament referred to in the New Testament. The handy size of the volume is a not unimportant point in its favour. Its most serious defect as a "Teachers' Bible"—the absence of the Apocrypha—is shared, so far as we know, by all other works of similar character.

*The Gospel of St. John: an Exposition, Exegetical and Homiletical, for the Use of Clergymen, Students, and Teachers.* By Rev. Thomas Whitelaw. (Glasgow: Maclehose.) It would not, perhaps, be easy to say anything very new

or original on the *quaestio vexata* of the authorship of the Fourth Gospel, and Dr. Whitelaw probably makes no pretension of the kind. But the subject, of course, falls to be discussed, and in his introduction he gives a very good summary of the leading evidence for the Johannine authorship. The main objections to the authenticity are very fairly stated, and the stereotyped answers supplied. It may, however, be pointed out that one important branch of the discussion is entirely omitted, viz., the relation of the Johannine Gospel to the Apocalypse. The exegetical commentary, while remarkably full, is at the same time a marvel of compression, and brings together in an admirable way all the best opinions upon every point of importance. Evidently, it has been a work of great labour and patience. The homiletical sections will, doubtless, prove suggestive to the preacher; and altogether the work seems to be admirably adapted to its purpose.

*The Epistle to the Galatians.* By the Rev. Prof. G. G. Findlay, Headingley College, Leeds. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This is a recent addition to "The Expositor's Bible," edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll; and, to those who are acquainted with the previous volumes, it can only be necessary to say that it well maintains the character of the series as a commentary on the Bible at once popular and evangelical, and of high literary excellence. Prof. Findlay divides the epistle into five sections of varying length, according to the subjects treated of, viz., The Prologue (chap. i. 1-10), The Personal History (chap. i. 11-ii. 21), The Doctrinal Polemic (chap. iii. 1-v. 12), The Ethical Application (chap. v. 13-vi. 10), and The Epilogue (chap. vi. 11-18), and devotes to each as many chapters as are required for its adequate treatment. His exposition of the apostle's doctrine is clear and able, though, of course, the propositions that "righteousness of character springs out of righteousness of standing," and that "God makes a man righteous by counting him so," will not be universally accepted as correctly summing up Paul's doctrine of justification. Still, it will be generally felt that the writer's point of view is very much that of the apostle himself. Prof. Findlay shows a generous breadth of mind in his graceful acknowledgment of the labours of Dr. Pfleiderer, "whose delicate and sympathetic interpretation of Paul's teaching (in the Hibbert Lectures) has made all students of the apostle his debtors, however much they may quarrel with his historical criticism"; and, in dealing with the practical part of the epistle, he writes with fervour and eloquence.

*A Commentary on the Revised Version of the New Testament.* By the late W. G. Humphry. New Edition, Revised. (S.P.C.K.) A new edition of this scholarly work will be welcome to all students of the New Testament. It is, in fact, a commentary on all the more important English translations, compiled with care and accuracy, and referring when necessary to the original Greek, but not so constantly or elaborately as to deprive the work of interest for those who are not Greek scholars. The author was himself a member of the company of revisers of the New Testament, and is therefore fully aware of the exact significance of all the changes made in their version. It is scarcely possible to estimate the labour bestowed on that version till we have used such a commentary as Mr. Humphry's.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN has in hand a new volume which, under the title *Love's Widowhood, and other Poems*, will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in preparation an uniform popular edition of Macaulay's Works, together with his Life and Letters by Sir George Trevelyan. The whole will make five volumes, at half a crown each. The first volume, containing one half of the History, will be published on January 15.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. announce a new series to be issued under the title of the "Lotos Series." The volumes will be printed on a specially made paper, and will be issued in a neat and artistic binding; the type will be large and legible, and the paper of excellent quality. It is intended to include only works of approved excellence; and they will either contain copyright matter—i.e., matter which is to be found in no other edition, or they will be reprints of such works of standard worth as are not generally accessible in a handy form. The volumes will be issued at a uniform price of 3s. 6d., while one hundred special large paper copies, on Dutch hand-made paper and numbered, will be printed for sale, at an advanced price, to book-lovers. One of the early volumes will be a revised and enlarged edition of *The Breitmänn Ballads*, by Mr. Charles G. Leland, with a new preface and additional poems.

DR. ROBERT BROWN has undertaken to edit for the Hakluyt Society the travels of Al Hassan ibn Mohammed Abwazzan Al Fasi, the Moorish geographer, better known as Leo Africanus, Leo Johannes, or Leo Eliberitanus. He was a Granadian of rank, who, after visiting many parts of Morocco and Eastern Barbary, still only vaguely known, was captured by Venetian corsairs when returning from Egypt, and presented as a slave to Leo X., who converted him to Christianity. It was during his residence in Italy that he wrote his famous work, though it would appear that he afterwards returned to Morocco, abjured Christianity, and died at Tetuan in the third decade of the sixteenth century. The new edition will contain a comprehensive introduction on the subject of the author and his travels. The notes, which will comprise the result of the editor's many visits to the Barbary States, and of an exhaustive study of the literature relating to them, are intended to elucidate the old traveller's narrative, and to describe the changes which have taken place since he witnessed the opulence of Al Islam in Northern Africa.

DR. W. ROBERTSON SMITH has had printed in elegant form a memorial of the dinner in the hall of Christ's College, Cambridge, which he gave on December 11, to celebrate the completion of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It was a notable gathering, to commemorate an event no less notable; and the guests will be glad to preserve this interesting souvenir.

UNDER the title *Faithful and Unfaithful*, Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish an American novel on the subject of divorce, by Miss Margaret Lee. It is understood that the book has attracted the attention of Mr. Gladstone.

MR. REGINALD L. POOLE, one of the most energetic of the editors of the Wycliffe Society, has written a little volume on *Wycliffe and Early Movements of Reform* for the series entitled "Epochs of Church History."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce a book on *The Swiss Confederation*, by Sir Francis Ottewill Adams, lately minister at Bern, and Mr. C. D. Cunningham.

THE next volume in the "Statesmen" series will be *Walpole*, by Mr. John Morley.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD have in the press *Body and Soul: a Romance in Transcendental Theology*, by Mr. Frederick Noel Paton, the



editor of a recent volume of selections from Chaucer in the "Canterbury Poets."

*Cogitations and Conclusions: a Commonplace Book of Passing Thoughts*, by O. F. Routh, is the title of a volume announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

CASSELL'S *Encyclopaedic Dictionary*, which has just been completed, will now be re-issued in monthly volumes, the first of which will appear on January 24.

THE Aristotelian Society will hold its first meeting for the new year on January 14, when Mr. M. H. Dziewicki will read a paper on "The Scholastic Philosophy," which will set forth the standpoint of Neo-Scholasticism. Dr. A. Bain is to read a paper on January 28 on "The Empiricist Position." Two symposia are announced—one on the subject "What takes place in Voluntary Action?" and one on "The Nature of Force," to which Dr. Bain, Prof. Dunstan, and Dr. Johnstone Stoney will contribute.

MR. JOSEPH JACOBS has been elected a corresponding member of the Royal Academy of History, at Madrid.

LORD COLERIDGE, as chairman of the Marlowe Committee, has issued the following appeal:

"\* \* \* a subscription has been set on foot by a committee of gentlemen to erect some memorial at Canterbury in honour of Christopher Marlowe. The town council of that city are very desirous that the memorial should be placed there, and have expressed their desire formally through the town clerk. The master of the grammar school at Canterbury very cordially supports the object; and I am informed, though I cannot speak on this matter with the same certainty, that the dean and chapter are favourable to it. Cambridge, the university to which Marlowe belonged; Deptford, the place where he was killed; and Westminster Abbey, which contains the monuments of so many of his great contemporaries and successors, have, for various reasons, been deemed places less suitable than Canterbury for the site of the proposed memorial. Into the much vexed questions as to Marlowe's position among great poets, as to his disbelief in Christianity or even in a God, as to his character and death, I do not presume to enter. Three hundred years have passed away since, in 1588, "Tamburlaine the Great" was first produced upon the stage; and no one who has ever read "Faustus" or "Edward II." can doubt that Marlowe was a great poet, endowed with marvellous dramatic instincts and power of dramatic delineation. There may be, perhaps, reasons for not commemorating him in a building dedicated to the worship of Our Lord; there can be none, as I think, against endeavouring to preserve the memory of so great a genius in the city where he was born, and where he received the larger part of his education.

"Mr. F. Rogers, of Toynbee-hall, will receive any subscriptions which may be contributed to this object."

MESSRS. TILLOTSON & SON, of Bolton—well known for their enterprise in the publication of novels in serial form through newspapers—have opened an office at New York, with Mr. Phil. Robinson as manager. At Berlin, they are represented by Herr Paul Jüngling.

We have received from the office of the *Publishers' Circular* (Sampson Low) the usual analytic table of books published in England during 1888. With somewhat mixed feelings we record that the output of the year shows a very large increase, the total number of new books and new editions amounting to 6591, as compared with 5686 in the twelvemonths previous. Indeed, we believe this total to be a "record," for, on looking back through the last half-dozen years, we find that the highest figure hitherto reached was 6373 in 1884, after which date there was a heavy fall, the number in 1886 being only 5210. Considering the difficulties of classification, it is hardly worth

while to examine the several divisions; but it is probably not altogether accidental that the total for fiction has risen from 432 in 1882 to 1,314 in 1888, or more than threefold in six years. It is interesting to learn that about 40 per cent. of all publications appear in the last quarter of the year, while January and February are far the least prolific months.

#### TRANSLATION.

"HARK, THE HERALD ANGELS SING!"

AUDI angelos cantantes,  
Voce clara nuntiantes:  
"Regi novo gloria!"

Pax in terris: jam peccata  
Solvit hominum ingrata  
Deus pro clementia!"

Gentes, surgite beatae;  
Celebretis nunc elatae  
Laudes cum caelestibus:  
"Natus est in Bethlehemo  
Christus noster": ita nemo  
Non proclamet vocibus.

Christus caelis adoratus  
Dominusque consecratus  
In aeterna secula;  
Satus Virgine apparet,  
Quando tempora declarat  
Certa aetas longula.

Ave Deum, quem velatum  
Corpore et procreatum  
Debili aspicimus!  
Te, Immanuel dignantem,  
Jesu, et associantem  
Cum terrenis colimus.

Ave principem divinum  
Pacis! ave genuinum  
Sanctitatis Filium!  
Cui surgenti pennae vita  
Atque luce tam petita  
Sanant mentes omnium.

Gloriam deponit volens,  
Homines perire noleus  
Qui errabant devii;  
Natus altis ut tollantur  
Caelis atque renascantur  
Ipsi terrae filii.

Cairo: Christmas, 1888.

A. H. S.

#### MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Antiquary* begins the new year well. Mr. Telford Ely's paper on "Recent Archaeological Discoveries" is very useful, as it gives in a small compass an account of much that has been done in unearthing the treasures of dead civilisations. This is only a first part. We shall look anxiously for what is to follow. No cultured Englishman can read it without a certain sense of shame and sorrow. There was a time when England took the first place in archaeological discovery. What is she doing now? Mr. Theodore Bent's article on "The Sun Myths of Modern Hellas" shows a competent knowledge of a difficult subject. Modern Greek folklore has not been neglected, but we cannot say that all has been done in the way of collection and elucidation that is needed. Wave after wave of barbarian invaders have swept over the land. Christianity has replaced heathenism, and the Moslem for many years had his hand on the throat of the Frank. The Latin and the Greek churches have made Greece their battle-ground; and, notwithstanding all that has gone by, the old fireside stories are with us still. The sun is an object of reverence (shall we say adoration?) just as he was untold centuries ago. Thomas Doggett, the actor, is the subject of an admirable paper by Mr. C. A. Ward. Doggett was a man of many activities. If he was not brilliantly successful in anything, we do not know that on that account he is less worthy of sympathetic study. Such men as he tell far more on their

age than the men of one or two ideas, unless the latter are furnished with transcendent genius. Could Doggett have chosen for what he would be remembered, we do not doubt he would have said his stern, uncompromising Whiggery. "The House of Hanover and the Protestant succession" had no more devoted adherent. Such a blind goddess is fate, however, that we do not doubt that nine out of every ten who know his name have heard of it in connexion with the prize he gave for a rowing match by Thames watermen. The prize is yet given, but the contest now attracts little notice. The customs of the manor of Yeatminster are printed without note or introduction of any kind from Watkins's *On Copyholds*. We are glad to meet with them here, as they contain one or two curious things. The timber growing on the copyhold lands was the lord's, not the tenant's; but if the lord would not permit the tenant to get needful timber out of the woods, he might fell timber on his own land for his own use.

#### SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

##### GENERAL LITERATURE.

- HEERMANN, P. Das Gräberfeld v. Marion auf Cypem. Berlin: Reimer. 4 M.  
HOFFMEISTER, H. Durch Süd-Spanien nach Marokko. Berlin: Wilhelm. 8 M.  
WALDNER, F. Quellenstudie zur Geschichte der Typographie in Tirol bis zum Beginn d. 17. Jahrh. Innsbruck: Wagner. 1 M. 80 Pf.

##### HISTORY.

- BENDINER, M. Die Reichsgrafen, e. verfassungs-geschichtl. Studie. München: Buchholz. 1 M. 80 Pf.  
HOUTMA, Th. Histoire de Seldjoudides de l'Iraq, par al-Bondari, d'après Inâd-ad-din al-kâtib al-Isfahani. Leiden: Brill. 9 M.  
OTTENTHAL, E. v. Die päpstl. Kanzleiregeln v. Johannes XXII. bis Nicolaus V. Innsbruck: Wagner. 9 M. 60 Pf.  
REGESTEN der Pfalzgrafen am Rhein 1214-1400. 3. Lfg. Innsbruck: Wagner. 4 M.  
ZURBONSEN, F. Quellenbuch zur brandenburgischen u. preussischen Geschichte. Berlin: Nicolai. 6 M.

##### PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- KRAUSE, K. Ch. F. Abriss der Philosophie der Geschichte. Hrsg. v. P. Hohlfeld u. A. Wünsche. Leipzig: Schulze. 4 M.  
STREUBING, O. Die Vertheilung der Spaltöffnungen bei den Coniferen. Königsberg-I.-Pr.: Koch. 1 M. 20 Pf.  
WARTMANN, B. u. Th. SCHLATTER. Kritische Uebersicht üb. die Gefässpflanzen der Kantone St. Gallen u. Appenzell. 3. Hft. St. Gallen: Kuppel. 1 M. 80 Pf.

##### PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- DIETRICH, A. Papyrus magicae musei Lugdunensis Batavi quam C. Leemans edidit in papyrorum graecarum tomo II. (V.). Denuo edidit, etc. A. D. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M.  
GRENAS, Le livre des salutations adressées aux nations orientales et occidentales composé pour le 8e congrès des Orientalistes qui se réunira à Stockholm en 1889. Leipzig: Drugulin. 6 M.  
ZACHER, K. Die Handschriften u. Glossen der Aristophanes-scholien. Leipzig: Teubner. 6 M.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### DR. JOHNSON'S LETTERS.

3, The Crescent, Oxford: Jan. 1, 1889.

I have entered into an engagement with the Delegates of the Clarendon Press to collect and edit Dr. Johnson's Letters. A very large number of them are in print, but scattered through many volumes; many others still remain in manuscript. Since I published my edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* I have, through the kindness of correspondents, received copies of not a few which I had never before seen. Many, I have reason to know, still remain hidden away in the desks of collectors of autographs.

May I through the ACADEMY appeal to the owners of such letters to furnish me with copies? If they would trust me with the originals they

would greatly add to the favour. The registered letter-post is a very secure mode of transmission. Whatever I receive shall be returned without delay. If only a copy is sent I venture to ask that the spelling and punctuation of the original be exactly followed. In the case of those letters which have been published, I would suggest that they should be collated by their owners, and that I should be informed of any inaccuracy. Johnson's handwriting is not always clear, and not a few errors have been committed by the copyists.

As I hope to supplement this work by a similar edition of the letters of Boswell, I venture to make the same requests in his case also.

G. BIRKBECK HILL.

#### MILTON AND CÆDMON.

Oxford: Dec. 31, 1888.

The question raised by Prof. A. S. Cook in the *ACADEMY* of December 29, 1888 (p. 420) as to the supposed effect made upon the mind of Milton, in the production of "Paradise Lost," by the publication, by Fr. Junius, of the paraphrastic poem of the so-called Pseudo-Cædmon, is one which has not attracted so much attention as so curious an enquiry demanded. It may be true that Milton wrote in his commonplace book "De poeta Anglo subito divinitus facto mira et perplacida historiola narratur apud Bedam"; but neither Prof. Cook nor Sir Henry Ellis, in the introduction to his collection of plates copied from the Bodleian MS. (*Arch.* vol. 24), nor Mr. Thorpe, in his observations on the history of Cædmon (*Arch.*, *ibid.*, p. 341), connect the "Paradise Lost" with the elaborate details given in the Bodleian MS. volume. Having had occasion some years ago to investigate this matter in my *Palaeographia*, I was convinced that the whole of the early portion of Milton's grand poem owed its origin entirely to the publication by Junius—for the following reasons.

The plot of the early portion of the Pseudo-Cædmonic paraphrastic history so much resembles that of "Paradise Lost" as to have obtained for this Cædmon the name of the Saxon Milton (Wright, *Biogr. Brit. Liter.*, p. 198). On the other hand, it appears to me that Milton borrowed his plot from the Anglo-Saxon poem, and should rather be called the English Cædmon.

The MS. of Junius was published in 1655. About this period Milton was engaged upon his History of England previous to the Norman Conquest, and it cannot be doubted that such a publication would find its way to him. "Paradise Lost" was published in 1667, but its composition occupied a number of years (see *Life of Milton*, by his nephew, Edward Philips, Pickering's edition of Milton's Poetic Works, 1826, vol. i., p. lxi.); and we further learn from Philips that it was at first intended for a tragedy:

"And in the fourth Book of the Poem there are six verses which, several years before the poem was begun, were shewn to me and some others as designed for the very beginning of the said tragedy."

These verses commence with what stands as the thirty-second line of the fourth book. Now, it will be at once remembered that the first three books of the poem are occupied with the history of the expulsion of the devil and his angels from heaven, their discussions, &c.; and it is precisely this portion of the Anglo-Saxon paraphrase which is so strikingly similar to "Paradise Lost." We cannot, therefore, suppose that Milton was ignorant of the publication of Junius, nor can we do otherwise than conclude that the first three books of "Paradise Lost" were an after-thought,

entirely induced by the plot of the paraphrase and its publication.

J. O. WESTWOOD.

#### CHAUCER'S "ECLYMPASTEYRE."

London: Dec. 27, 1888.

In Chaucer's "Book of the Duchesse," l. 167, there is mention of "Morpheus and Eclympasteyre. That was the god of slepes heyre." Prof. Skeat, in his excellent edition of Chaucer's Minor Poems, suggests that Eclympasteyre is a name evolved by Chaucer himself out of Ovid's *Icelon* (accusative) with the addition of *plastera* (πλαστήρα). He supposes that Chaucer may have seen a MS. of Ovid in which *plastera* was given as a gloss upon *Icelon*. Prof. Skeat refers to other explanations proposed by Ten Brink and Mr. Fleay (who agree with him in regarding the first part of the name as a corruption of *Icelon*), and adds that "Other suggestions have been made, but are not worth recording." If none of these are better than that of Sandras (*engle imposteur* !), this sentence is certainly just. Perhaps the conjecture which I am about to offer may deserve no better fate. It is certainly somewhat adventurous; but I think it is at least not more so than Prof. Skeat's own.

It seems to me conceivable that some very late mythologist may have invented the word *Ἐκλυμπαστήρ* (as if from a verb, *\*ἐκλυμπάω*, suggested by *ἐκλυμπάω*), intending it to mean "the god who causes *ἐκλείψις*, or swoon." On this supposition Chaucer's form is perfectly correct, though the question whence he obtained the name remains still unsolved. It is difficult to imagine that a name so plausibly Greek-sounding can have been the result of so violent a distortion as that assumed by Prof. Skeat.

HENRY BRADLEY.

#### THE WORD "BORE," A TIRESOME TALKER.

3 St. George's Square, N.W.: Dec. 28, 1888.

The earliest instance of this got by the readers for our Philological Society's New English Dictionary, ed. Murray and Bradley, was 1812. But in looking through *The St. James's Chronicle* for 1769 I find an account of the word (in the above sense) in the number of Tuesday, August 29, to Thursday, August 31, p. 4, col. 2, by its real or apparent inventor. He says that the word has been banded about by some correspondents, who

"seem as little able to speak to the Purpose, and to its Signification, as if it was a Chinese Word. To end, therefore, all Controversy, Enquiry, and future Scribbling about this very emphatical Word, I shall at once open the Understanding of your Readers, and introduce to them a Word, a Monosyllable, that speaks and means more than Pages of other Words. I had the Honour to invent the word *Bore*, which has been received, adopted, and continually made a Flower of Speech, by those who, having more Fashion about them, and superior Ideas, should govern the Language, as well as the Country.

"In short, a *Bore*, properly speaking, is a Man that will find Tongue, if you will find Ear; but as Patience, Dullness, and many other Virtues, we have not, must constitute a proper Object for boring, we always steal off, and leave the Auger to bore into those Sculls, who [*sic*], having a proper Thickness and a peculiar Kind of Wood about it [*sic*], will bear the operation without murmuring.

"My Father's Word for this intolerable Animal was a *Froser*, which has some Meaning; but surely, Mr. Baldwin, there is as much Difference between *Bore* and *Froser*, as there is between the Genius of our Fathers, and the Refinement of their Sons.

"Your's, Mr. Printer,

"A MACCARONI."

We sadly want the old newspapers read and compared with our Dictionary, which is but an excellent foundation for the complete building. There are very few words and meanings for which earlier instances cannot be found.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

#### ON TRANSLATING HEINE.

London: Dec. 31, 1888.

While gratified by your reviewer's very kind notice of my monograph on Heine, I should like to explain that the few translations to which he alludes as unsatisfactory are in no instance my own, save the lion-fountain song in "Almansor." I despaired—as who would not?—of giving an adequate metrical translation of this exquisite fragment, and concluded that a rendering in rhythmic prose would be as much more acceptable to the reader as it would be more truly interpretative.

I cannot agree with your reviewer in his assertion as to the desirability of absolute exactitude. It seems to me that a *literal* prose rendering of an imaginative lyric is an impermissible infliction upon the reader, and an outrage to the original. I never imagined that even a reader ignorant of German would infer the literalness of my version, which is so obviously a tentative effort at the accomplishment in prose of what is practically impossible in verse. To give expression to merely a personal opinion, I would add that I think rhythmic prose is, in nine instances out of ten, superior to verse as a medium of translation. The French have long recognised this. For example, they certainly know Heine much more truly through Gérard de Nerval's and other prose renderings than do those of our countrymen who are ignorant of German through the innumerable metrical versions which have been published by English and American writers in recent years.

WILLIAM SHARP.

#### "MIND AND MATTER."

Ipswich: Dec. 31, 1888.

I can give Dr. Furnivall an earlier reference for the lines—

"What is mind? No matter.

What is matter? Never mind."

than the sixties.

In that amusing but ephemeral publication called *The Month*, which was brought out by Albert Smith and John Leech during the Exhibition of 1851, there will be found on page 147 the above words without any comment or reference to author.

W. E. LAYTON.

Sare: Dec. 31, 1888.

Surely the germ, at least, of this dates much farther back:

"When Bishop Berkeley said 'there was no matter,'

And proved it—'twas no matter what he said."

(*Don Juan*, canto xi. l.)

But I believe it to be earlier even than Byron's day. I am out of the way of books of reference, but is there not a French epigram on the subject, and an English imitation of it by the wits of Berkeley's own time, or soon after? At least, such is my impression. Prof. Key may have improved the form, but the idea is sufficiently obvious to have occurred more than once.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Jan. 7, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Art and Artists," with illustrations, by Mr. H. Furness. 8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "Colours in Nature," by the Rev. Dr. F. A. Walker.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Journey over the Central Plateau of Africa, from Natal to Benguela, and past the Sources of the Zambesi to the Sources of the Congo," by Mr. F. S. Arnott.

TUESDAY, Jan. 8, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Clouds and Cloudland," adapted to a Juvenile Auditory. V., by Prof. Dewar.

7 p.m. Metropolitan Scientific Association: "Gasteropods," by Mr. S. Pace.

8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: Anniversary Meeting.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Compound Principle applied to Locomotives," by Mr. E. Worthington.



8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "The Distribution and Density of the Old British Population of Hampshire," by Mr. J. W. Shaw; "The Monument known as 'King Orry's Grave,' compared with Tunnall in Gloucestershire," by Miss A. W. Buckland.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 9, 7 p.m. Society of Arts: Juvenile Lecture, "How Chemists work—an Example to Boys and Girls," II, by Dr. H. E. Armstrong.

8 p.m. Geological: "The Growth of Crystals in Igneous Rocks after their Consolidation," and "The Tertiary Volcanoes of the Western Isles of Scotland," by Prof. J. W. Judd.

8 p.m. Microscopical: "The Special Internal Anatomy of *Uropoda Kramerii*, by Mr. A. D. Michael; "Reproduction and Multiplication of Diatoms," by the Abbé Count E. Castracane.

8 p.m. Educational: "The Educational Value of Art," by Mrs. S. A. Barnett.

THURSDAY, Jan. 10, 6 p.m. London Institution: "Pygmies," by Prof. Flower.

8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: Inaugural Address, by the President, Sir William Thomson.

8 p.m. Mathematical: "Results of substituting Differential Symbols in the General Quadric Ternary Form, and Operating on the Product of Two or more Forms of any Order in Terms of Second Differential Coefficients only," by the President; "A Theorem in Combinations," by Mr. R. W. Christie.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Jan. 11, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting. "Refrigeration and the Artificial Production of Cold," by Mr. G. A. Becka.

8 p.m. New Shakespeare: "The Distinction between Classical and Shaksperian Plot, illustrated by the Recasting of 'Macbeth' in Classical Form," by Mr. R. G. Moulton.

SATURDAY, Jan. 12, 3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

## SCIENCE.

### SOME GEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

*Geological History of Lake Lahontan.* By Israel Cook Russell. (Washington: Government Printing Office.) In that region of the Far West which lies between the Rocky Mountains on the east and the Sierra Nevada on the west is a vast stretch of country, for the most part arid and desolate, known to the geographers of the United States as "The Great Basin." Cut off from connexion with the ocean, the surface drainage of the country collects in lakes, which are commonly saline and alkaline, while their shores form desert-like tracts, relieved only by a few salt-loving plants. Some of the shallow sheets of water are known as "playa lakes," since they evaporate to dryness in the summer and their beds become reduced to smooth mud plains, or playas. Geological exploration in Nevada has shown that at a comparatively recent period there must have existed in this area two vast sheets of water, which have been termed Lake Lahontan and Lake Bonneville. Mr. Russell, working on the geological survey of the Great Basin under Mr. Gilbert, has for some years past made a special study of the former of these lakes; and the results of his labours are presented in the work before us, which forms the eleventh volume of the fine series of Survey Monographs. The ancient lake described in this monograph takes its name from Baron La Hontan, an early French explorer of the head-waters of the Mississippi. Occupying a depression along the western border of the Great Basin, at the base of the Sierra Nevada, it must have covered a surface of more than 8000 square miles. A careful study of this fossil lake has led to the conclusion that it did not overflow; and consequently it must have retained all the mineral matter which was brought in by tributary streams, and was eventually deposited either as lacustrine sediments, or as tuffaceous precipitates and other desiccation-products. Among these deposits is the curious crystalline tufa known as "thino-lite," which has been elaborately examined by Prof. E. S. Dana. It may be remarked incidentally that the volume contains much good chemical work, relating especially to the composition of lake-waters and lacustrine deposits. To a geologist one of the most interesting inquiries is that relating to the age of Lake Lahontan. It undoubtedly existed during the

Quaternary period, and probably did not finally dry up until comparatively recent times. Indeed, the discovery of a chipped implement of obsidian in one of the upper lacustrine deposits leads to the conclusion that the final rise of the lake must have been witnessed by man. Never before has the history of a vanished lake been so thoroughly worked out in all its aspects—geological, chemical, physical, and biological. Mr. Russell is to be congratulated on the publication of his monograph—a volume presenting that thoroughness of execution which of late years has characterised all the work of the geological survey of the United States.

*Bömmelön og Karmöen med omgivelser, geologisk beskrevne.* Af Dr. Hans Reusch. (Kristiania: P. F. Steensballe.) Bömmelö and Karmö are two large islands near the mouth of the Hardanger Fjord, on the coast of Norway. Their geological structure has been carefully studied by Dr. Reusch, of the geological survey of Norway, whose results are now given to the world in the form of a quarto volume of nearly 400 pages. The islands and the neighbouring mainland consist of archæan, primordial, and silurian rocks, offering in many places a fine field for observation and speculation on metamorphic phenomena. Evidence of the operation of mechanical forces in modifying the structure of the rocks is abundant and striking. Not only have the hard pebbles of certain conglomerates been so squeezed as to be pressed flat, and stretched out in definite directions; but basic eruptive rocks have become foliated, while granites have, in many cases, acquired a gneissoid structure. Dr. Reusch holds the opinion that sedimentary rocks may become altered by regional metamorphism to such an extent as to be finally protruded as veritable eruptive masses, and thus he seeks to explain the origin of certain granites in the area under examination. English geologists, whether they accept his views or not, will be grateful to the author for his concession to their linguistic weakness by having appended to his work a copious "summary" in English. They may not, perhaps, care to follow him into the details of his work; but they will assuredly be glad to learn the conclusions of so experienced an observer, especially as these conclusions may be helpful in attacking the perplexing problems suggested by the Scottish Highlands. In fact the Highlands of Scotland and the peninsula of Scandinavia form but a single orographical system, cut in twain it is true by the depression of the North Sea, yet essentially one in structure and origin. At the present time, when the subject of Highland architecture is provoking so much discussion in geological circles, Dr. Reusch's work is peculiarly welcome; for if it does not disclose any very novel views, it is at least a substantial contribution to the subject of dynamic metamorphism.

*The Minerals of New South Wales, &c.* By A. Liversidge. (Trübner.) Fourteen years have passed since Prof. Liversidge first published a general description of such of the minerals of New South Wales as had then come to his knowledge—a work which at once stamped him as a high authority on the mineralogy of the colony. The handsome volume now in our hands is an expansion of the original compilation, strengthened and improved, however, in a variety of ways and accompanied by the reprint of several papers on rocks and meteorites. The remarkable collection exhibited by the author in the Colonial Exhibition at South Kensington will be fresh in the recollection of English mineralogists, and may be referred to in illustration of his zeal in collecting local minerals. Most of the descriptions in the present volume are from the author's personal observation of specimens,

while many of the analyses are from his own laboratory in Sydney. As coal is the most important mineral product of New South Wales, his full account of the coals of the colony and their mode of occurrence is peculiarly welcome, though fastidious mineralogists might object to the introduction of such details in a work on pure mineralogy. The subject of gold is also treated with much fulness. A striking feature in the volume is an excellent map of the colony, showing, by means of colours, the geographical distribution of those mineral substances which are of economic value. It would be well if each of the Australian colonies possessed a record of its mineral resources as complete as that which Prof. Liversidge has presented to the oldest and richest of the group.

*Geology for All.* By J. Logan Lobley. (Roper & Drowley.) Much of Mr. Lobley's life has been devoted to the interests of geology, and he has frequently had occasion to expound his favourite science on the platform. A course of lectures, delivered some time ago at the City of London College, forms the substance of this little volume. It is with much justice that Mr. Lobley, in his introductory chapter, laments the lack of interest shown by many intelligent people in the teachings of geology. Taking six representative counties in England, he shows that out of a population of 5,874,174 there are only 157 fellows of the Geological Society or members of the Geologists' Association. The aim of the present work is to awaken some interest in geological studies, and especially to arouse schoolmasters to the necessity of introducing the elements of the science to their classes, so that intelligent lads may not leave school without some knowledge of the structure of the land they live in. Mr. Lobley's *Geology for All*, though not free from faults, ought to assist in this laudable work. It presents in simple, clear, and readable form an introduction to the general principles of geology, and a broad sketch of the history of the stratified rocks.

*Science and Geology in Relation to the Universal Deluge.* By W. B. Galloway. (Sampson Low.) Dissatisfied with the glacial theory of modern geologists, the Rev. W. B. Galloway here seeks to displace it by reviving the old diluvial hypothesis, as held by Buckland and other geological thinkers of a former age. The author endeavours to explain the phenomena of the drift as the effects of a universal deluge, due to a sudden change in the position of the earth's axis of rotation. He assumes that a vast land area which formerly occupied the position of the Pacific Ocean was submerged, and thus shifted the earth's balance. From some of the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism it has been supposed that the earth has a nucleus which revolves differently from the main mass of the earth; and to satisfy the conditions of this dual rotation Mr. Galloway interposes between the nucleus and the rest of the globe a layer of quicksilver, so that when the equilibrium of the earth was disturbed and the main body had altered the position of its axis, this free nucleus retained its original rotation in a mercurial bath. But perhaps the oddest notion in the book is that which is advanced to explain, in whole or in part, the submergence of the ancient land of the Pacific. The author believes that chalk and flint are of meteoric origin, and that this accession of new material caused a flow of water to the opposite side of the earth. It certainly requires some ingenuity to connect the flood with the origin of chalk and flints; but it is a pity that the ingenuity appears to be so misdirected. No amount of keen reasoning can lead to sound conclusions if the premises are utterly false; and we fear that most geologists will regard

Mr. Galloway's premises—at any rate so far as the nature of chalk and flint is concerned—as pure figments of the fancy.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

DR. CROLL, has just completed a volume on *Stellar Evolution and its Relation to Geological Time*. It will be published immediately.

THE Institution of Electrical Engineers—formerly known as the Society of Telegraph Engineers and Electricians—will hold their first meeting for the year on Thursday next, January 10, at 25 Great George-street, Westminster, when the new president, Sir William Thomson, will deliver his inaugural address.

#### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. will publish immediately, as a new volume in their "Oriental Series," *The Life of Hiuen-Tsiang*, by the Shamans Hwui Li and Yen-tsong, with a Preface containing an Account of the Works of I-Tsing, by Prof. Samuel Beal. The present volume is intended to supplement the *History of the Travels of Hiuen-Tsiang* (Si-yu-ki), already published in two volumes, and entitled "Buddhist Records of the Western World." The original, from which the translation is made, is styled "History of the Master of the Law of the three Pitakas of the 'Great Loving-Kindness' Temple." It was written, probably in five chapters, in the first instance by Hwui-li, one of Hiuen-Tsiang's disciples, and afterwards enlarged and completed in ten chapters, by Yen-Tsong, another of his followers. Yen-Tsong was selected by the disciples of Hwui-li to re-arrange and correct the leaves which their master had written and hidden in a cave. He added an introduction and five supplementary chapters. The five chapters added by Yen-Tsong are probably those which follow the account of Hiuen-Tsiang's return from India, and relate to his work of translation in China. Prof. Beal has not thought it necessary to reproduce this part of the original; his object has been simply to complete the "Records" already published relating to India.

#### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Dec. 22.) W. C. H. CROSS, Esq., president in the chair.—Mr. Albert R. Frey, of New York, recently elected a corresponding member, sent some "Random Notes on Twelfth Night," dealing with a few of the obscure expressions.—A paper on "Twelfth Night," by Mr. Leo H. Grindon, was read, in which he said that "As You like it," and "Twelfth Night," Shakspeare's two most joyous plays, were evidently given to the world, not so much as products of long-continued thought and industry, as outcomes of pure hilarity of heart, when leisure gave opportunity for playfulness, and when the grave and solemn in his mighty nature was laid aside awhile for the sake of smiles and sprightliness. Of the two, "Twelfth Night" is the more mirthful, the wealthier in fun and frolic; but it is one of the most trying of all plays for performers, even of long practice, and no play shows more conspicuously how false and deleterious is the idea that amateur acting is easily managed. Acting, worthy of the appellation, is not possible without special and original aptitude followed by long and careful training. It is one of the finest of the fine arts, and is in no connexion more conclusively proved to be so than when we have Shakspeare's women before us. So again with the difficult part of Malvolio. Few actors can at once maintain the dignity of the part (remembering that Malvolio is no "low steward of comedy"), and keep the character in the tragi-comic atmosphere (almost more tragic than comic) to which it properly belongs. A scene which might very nearly be considered the test of an actor's abilities

is that one, in particular, with Olivia, so liable to exaggeration and demanding such thorough self-possession and self-command. In "Twelfth Night" may be seen how, without the slightest tinge of pedantry, Shakspeare sets forth his knowledge of ancient fable. How aptly, for instance, come in the names of Diana and Penthesilea. His knowledge of classical authors is no more than would be expected in an age of scholarship. But, while never advertising his acquirements, he employs his knowledge with a chastity of judgment such as wins and delights without exciting the slightest idea of burnish or deliberate ornament. The like may be noticed in the manner in which he deals with his imagery drawn from objective nature. A singularly fine illustration of the great poet's way of teaching is supplied in that beautiful and fascinating passage where Viola asks Sebastian if he is "a spirit." Shakspeare clearly understood St. Paul, which is more than many professional theologians have done. The true and great poet is not only a musical singer and a painter of beautiful pictures but an expositor of Divine realities. Wherefore he should always be approached with reverence and an earnest desire that we may be quickened into sympathy with him. For without sympathy there can never be any real insight. Approaching Shakspeare with such desire, we soon discover that his utterances in reference to the wise and true come as an apocalypse. When people say they do not care for Shakspeare, it is a confession that they are not advanced enough to comprehend him. We none of us praise him. We simply rejoice in him and are thankful. To praise him is only to be impertinent.—Mr. John Taylor read a paper entitled "Shakspeare's Religion," saying that, as "Twelfth Night" raised the question of Shakspeare's relation to the Puritans, it becomes an interesting study to try to discover from the plays what were his own religious views. Dr. Karl Elze in his recent work cites only passages to show that the great dramatist was an utter disbeliever in Divine Revelation and in the doctrine of a future life. But numerous quotations can be given in which the immortality of the soul is taken for granted. That there was a sentimental leaning in Shakspeare towards the unreformed faith may be fairly admitted, but there are insuperable difficulties in allowing that he was an adherent of its doctrines and forms. But though in external accord, so to speak, with mediæval ecclesiasticism, Shakspeare was not a Roman Catholic, and the mere fact of his mildness towards Romanism may evince that he was not a Puritan. Though we vainly seek for passages reflecting upon or sneering at the customs and doctrines of the Church of Rome, Shakspeare treats of these points only in such way as any liberal-minded member of the Church of England would at the present day speak of them without necessarily accepting them at heart. We find in Shakspeare constant use of Scripture phraseology, while the doctrines of Christianity, as embodied in the services of the Church of England, are repeatedly adduced with implied acceptance.—A paper by Mrs. C. I. Spencer, on "Malvolio as the Alleged Type of the Puritan," was read, dealing with Hunter's views on the subject, as propounded in his *New Illustrations*, and showing that his whole reasoning is of the style of the inverted pyramid order of architecture. In it he has done great injustice both to Shakspeare and to Malvolio. If Shakspeare had intended to satirise the Puritans, he would have done it better. Malvolio is an admirably-drawn character, but he is not the Puritan as such a masterhand would have delineated him. Probably Shakspeare would not have done the Puritan full justice, for his wit and humour, his theatrical associations and interests, and his rollicking life would not have disposed him to sympathise with the gravity and other-worldliness of the Puritan. Yet he would surely have given us a character of more depth than this. Poor Malvolio seems fated to be a victim. Mr. Hunter, to lend support to his argument, gives a totally erroneous view of the character, which is just one of that valuable and yet sometimes trying person—a devoted family servant of the old school, whose self-esteem does not alienate our sympathy. Olivia's kind judgment of him and the Duke's gracious command respecting him find truer echo in our hearts than Mr. Hunter's misrepresentations.—The President read an anonymous

paper on "Wolves in Sheep's Clothing," taking Viola as one of that brilliant group of Shakspeare's female characters who, for a time, put on man's dress under the stress of circumstances. By changing his heroines into boys, Shakspeare brought them more within the power of his actors, and, in so doing, has placed them beyond the scope of our actresses. When we look at these characters as a body, we find that they comprise the most charming of Shakspeare's heroines, and the way in which they preserve their higher womanly characteristics is very marked. They are all ladies from beginning to end. But this extreme femininity militates sadly against their success in the rougher part of their new life. Viola, for instance, is perfection until it comes to fighting, and then the contrast between herself and Sebastian becomes very apparent. All these ladies marry men very inferior to themselves. It would be interesting to know where Shakspeare met with this type of heroine, marvellously endowed as to the affections and the understanding. It is one of the many questions which make our ignorance of his life so deplorable.

#### FINE ART.

##### THE NATURE OF THE EGYPTIAN "KA."

SINCE I had the pleasure—now more than ten years ago—of first introducing the *Ka* to readers of the ACADEMY, that shadowy and fantastic personage has enjoyed a career of unexampled brilliancy. It has been his good fortune to possess a singular fascination for students of the religion and philosophy of Egypt. His nature and functions, his worship, his needs, and the extraordinary superstitions of which he became the nucleus, have been made the subject of as much patient research as if he were an undeciphered script, or an obscure natural phenomenon. The meaning of the word *Ka*, it may be remembered, was long misunderstood. Brugsch, in his *Hieroglyphic Dictionary*, explains it as "la personne, l'individu, l'être"; and so recently as 1877, the late Dr. Birch continued to translate *Ka* by "person"—as, for instance, in his volume of *Egyptian Texts for the Use of Students*, where "en *Ka* en" ("to the *Ka* of") is rendered as "to the person of." One year later, however, Prof. Maspero and Mr. Le Page Renouf, working at the same class of inscriptions, came independently and simultaneously to the conclusion that the *Ka* was a purely impersonal conception, answering, according to Prof. Maspero's view, to the Doppelgänger of German legend, and resembling, according to Mr. Le Page Renouf, the *εἰδωλον* of the Greeks, the "genius" of the Romans. These new readings, supported by the evidence of a large number of texts, were so conclusive as to be at once accepted by the whole body of Egyptologists; since when the *Ka* has been understood as a sentient, bodiless, "counterfeit presentment" of the man, inseparable from him during life, surviving him after death, and destined to be reunited with him in the world to come. That reunion, however, depended on the fulfilment of many conditions, such as the safe passage of the soul through the perils of Hades, the preservation of the body, and the continuance of food-offerings to the *Ka*. For this strange *εἰδωλον* needed nourishment, and was liable to perish from starvation. Hence the large amount of real property vested at all periods in the hands of the priesthood for the foundation of oblations in perpetuity. Hence, also, those stores of miniature loaves, ducks, gazelle-haunches, &c., in glazed ware, which the less wealthy were wont to bury with their dead. Want of space forbids me to enter more at length into the history of the *Ka*, about whom I have already written so frequently in these columns. It is, moreover, a subject which Prof. Maspero has made completely his own, and which is best studied in his works.



Among the latest contributions to what may be called the literature of the *Ka* are Mr. Petrie's chapter on the so-called "Banner-name," which I especially noted when reviewing *A Season in Egypt* (The ACADEMY, May 5, 1888), and Dr. A. Wiedemann's recent article on *The Immortality of the Soul according to Ancient Egyptian Doctrine* ("Die Unsterblichkeit der Seele nach altägyptischer Lehre"), in which the *Ka* of necessity plays an important part. Dr. Wiedemann's definition of the *Ka* differs somewhat from that of Prof. Maspero, who calls it "the double," and from that of Mr. Le Page Renouf, who calls it "the genius." The *Ka*, according to Dr. Wiedemann, is the personality, or "individuality"; that is to say, "the image which a man's name recalls to the mind's eye of those who have known him."

"Similar thoughts," he says, "have led other nations to lofty conceptions, and have moved them, as in the case of Plato, to explain personality as the antithesis of person on philosophical grounds; but the Egyptian, being incapable of abstract ideas, gave to this personality a purely material form, which exactly corresponded to the man, and was his second self, his Doppelgänger. In countless representations subsequent to 1800 B.C., we see the king in the presence of the gods, while behind him stands his *Ka*, shown as a little man with the ruler's own features. . . . Here the personality appears as companion to the person, doing what he does, and following him, as a man is followed by his shadow. So early, however, as the time of Amenophis III., about 1500 B.C., the Egyptians had gone farther than this, and had completely separated the personality from the person. Thus the king frequently appears before his own personality, which grasps the symbols of divinity, the ruler's staff and the emblem of life. Before it stands the king with various offerings, imploring heavenly gifts for himself; whereunto the personality makes answer: 'I give unto thee all life, all duration, all power, all health, all joy. For thee I conquer the people of Nubia, that thou mayst decapitate them.' . . . The separation between personality and person is not, however, thoroughly and systematically carried out. They are undoubtedly two separate beings, but they are so far one that they can only exist through and with each other. Only so long as the *Ka* is with him does the man live, and only at the moment of death does the *Ka* leave him. But herein we perceive a difference in their mutual relationship. The *Ka* can exist without the body, but not so the body without the *Ka*. Yet the *Ka* is not therefore a loftier and more spiritual being. It is to the full as material as the body itself, needing the sustenance of food and drink, and suffering from hunger and thirst when deprived thereof."

If I had not already arrived at certain other conclusions in reference to the true nature of the *Ka*, I think that the foregoing passages in Dr. Wiedemann's interesting article would surely have suggested them to me. I placed those conclusions before the readers of the ACADEMY in the review of Mr. Petrie's book\* already referred to, expressing at the same time the hope that I might return to the subject later on. If I now do so at an earlier date than I at first proposed, I must plead Dr. Wiedemann's article as my apology.

I ventured, as it may be remembered, to suggest that the *Ka* stood for the life—in a word, for the "vital principle"; and in support of this view, I pointed out the close and significant connexion which is invariably seen to subsist between the *Ka* and the "Ankh," or emblem of life. To the illustrations which I then adduced from various monuments, it would be easy to add many more. The royal *Ka*, as Dr. Wiedemann remarks, is represented in the bas-reliefs sometimes in attendance, as it were, behind the king, sometimes face to face with his royal prototype; but always, to the best of my remembrance, with the "Ankh" in one or both hands. In Plate 151 of Rossellini's

*Monumenti Storici*, Amenhotep III. is depicted in the act of advancing towards Khem with a libation-vase in each hand, followed by his *Ka*; the *Ka* with the so-called "banner-name" (i.e., *Ka*-name) on his head, surmounted by the pschent-crowned hawk, emblem of Horus. The *Ka*-figure carries a long staff terminating in a bust of the king, above which is inscribed "Suten Ka Ankh Neb Ta" (query, *Tauti*?) i.e., "Royal *Ka*, Life [of the] Lord of the Land." Again, "life" as the translation of *Ka* makes sense of a passage in the *Book of the Dead* (chap. xxx.), the obscurity of which was long ago pointed out by Mr. Le Page Renouf. The deceased, addressing the heart-scarab, says: "entuk Ka em Khat-a," which is currently understood as "Thou art [a] *Ka* in my body"—a phrase devoid of meaning if we translate *Ka* by "double," εἰδωλον, or "genius," but which is perfectly intelligible if read as "Thou art life in my body." The same reading holds good, as it seems to me, of other texts quoted in this connexion by Mr. Renouf; and I cannot help thinking that the customary form of oath, "by the *Ka*" of the king, is interpreted with more probability by "life" than by either "double," εἰδωλον or "genius." So again, if we turn to the inscription graven on the throne of the statue of King Ra-ian (or Khian), recently discovered at Bubastis. Here, under each royal cartouche, we find the words *Ka-f Meri*, signifying "loving his *Ka*," of which M. Naville remarked in his report (ACADEMY, April 14, 1888) "that he should be the worshipper of his *Ka* (i.e. of himself) is a very curious circumstance." Read, however, as "loving his life," the motto is seen to be natural enough. If, in short, it be accepted as standing for the "vital principle," much that is obscure and contradictory in texts relating to the *Ka*, much that is fantastic in his cult, becomes susceptible of rational explanation.

If, however, my proposed definition throws a clearer light upon some of the phrases quoted by Mr. Le Page Renouf, I readily admit that others require to be translated as he translates them, namely, by εἰδωλον or "image." But in these and other similar instances, the word *Ka*, as it seems to me, stands for *Ka*-statue (i.e. the funerary statue of the deceased), in which sense the true meaning of *Ka* remains unaltered. For the *Ka*-statue, as Prof. Maspero has shown, was not a mere portrait-statue executed in memory of the dead; it was an artificial body made expressly for the benefit of the *Ka*.

"Comme sur la terre, l'homme avait besoin d'un corps pour subsister; mais le cadavre défiguré par l'embaumement ne rappelait plus que de loin la

\* Mr. Le Page Renouf offers an ingenious explanation, founded on an apparently parallel passage in a Magical Papyrus at Leyden, where there occurs a formula for the protection of a person from the effects of *smu em Khat-f*. Here the word *smu*, signifying "image," is quoted as indicating the same meaning for *Ka*. "In both passages, the reference is to some sacred figure traced by nature or by art, or perhaps accidentally placed upon the body of a person, and acting as a talisman either for good or for ill." See Le Page Renouf "On the True Sense of an Important Egyptian Word" (*Transactions of the Society of Bib. Arch.*, vol. vi., p. 493. 1878).

† The heart-scarab was a large scarabæus of hard stone, the under side engraved with chap. xxx. of *The Book of the Dead*, beginning "Oh, my Heart, which came to me from my mother! My Heart, which was mine upon earth," &c. Placed inside the chest of the mummy, this scarabæus, in virtue of its magical properties, served as a substitute for the actual heart, which had been removed by the embalmers. Seeing that the heart is the most essentially vital of organs, I venture to think that the above reading—"Thou art life in my body"—is hereby strongly confirmed.

forme du vivant (*L'Archéologie Égyptienne*, chap. iii., p. 121)."

Translate *Ka* by "life," and the *Ka*-statue also becomes more intelligible than before. The "life" needed a body in which to abide, just as it needed bread, meat, fruits, wine and milk for its sustenance. Accepting *Ka* in the sense of "life," one is, however, compelled to reject the theory which interpreted the funerary statue as a material "support" for the immaterial double. The true *Ka* would inform the statue, dwell within it, feel through it, as the "life" informs, inhabits, and feels through the living body; and this I believe to have been the sense in which it was understood by the Egyptians.

The Egyptians, who defined man as consisting of a Body, a Soul, an Intelligence or Spirit, a Shadow, a Name, and a *Ka*, can scarcely be supposed to have omitted the "life" from so careful a category. Yet, if the *Ka* is not the life, that all-essential principle is unrepresented in their human microcosm. As Dr. Wiedemann justly observes, the ancient Egyptian was incapable of abstract ideas; hence it follows that vitality was necessarily conceived of by him as a separate entity. We ourselves speak figuratively of the life as "going out of the body" at the moment of death; but the Egyptians believed not only that it went out, but that it thenceforth led an independent existence. They saw that while the man lived, he nourished his life (i.e., his *Ka*) with the foods and drinks which he consumed; and they naturally concluded, from their concrete point of view, that the *Ka*, on deserting the body, needed a continuance of the same support. Finding it impossible to reconcile the material needs of the *Ka* with the immaterial theory of the "double," M. Pierret, in a footnote to chap. cv. of his translation of the *Livre des Morts*, says: "Je crois que le *Ka* exprime la substance corporelle, la personne matérielle, l'individualité de la chair." The corporeal substance is, however, fully accounted for already by the body, the *Khat*, of the Egyptian microcosm; whereas, by accepting the *Ka* as the personification of the "life," we not only steer clear of contradictions on the one hand and of gross materialism on the other, but we at once understand how it was that the disembodied *Ka* became dependent upon the periodical renewal of food-offerings, and why, failing such, he perished. When he perished, the "life" of the deceased became extinct, and extinction was the greatest of calamities. It annihilated the dead man's prospects of ultimate re-union with his *Ka*, his "life," and it deprived him of immortality.

It may be that even during life, the *Ka* in some sense led a twofold, if not a distinct, existence. Those scenes referred to by Dr. Wiedemann, in which the king is represented as propitiating his own *Ka* with prayers and offerings, can scarcely be otherwise accounted for. They imply at all events a recognition of the life as something apart from the mortal man. From the words put into the mouth of the *Ka*, we gather the tenour of the king's supplications: "I give unto thee all Life, all duration, all power, all health, all joy," these being precisely such boons as the personified vital principle might be supposed to grant.

Of the vital principle *per se* something remains to be said. When I wrote upon this subject in the ACADEMY eight months ago, it would seem that I failed to express myself as clearly as I could have wished. Prof. Maspero apprehended my meaning, and does me the honour to accept my definition of the nature of the *Ka*; but I find that by some readers I was understood to mean the "breath," by others, the circulation of the blood, and so forth. But the action of the lungs and the heart are secondary causes. What I desire to

express by "the vital principle" is that transmitted energy which must undoubtedly have descended from the primal source of life to all who live, or have lived, upon earth. That physical first cause is a problem which the ancient Egyptians can scarcely be supposed to have considered very curiously. Yet the kings traced their descent from the sun-god; and the *Ka*-name, from its first appearance in the inscriptions of Seneferu (IIIrd Dynasty), is invariably surmounted by the emblem of Horus. It would be strange enough if modern science were some day to confirm the genealogy of the Pharaohs.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

"NOTES OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES IN THE ROYAL GALLERY AT VENICE."

National Gallery: Dec. 31, 1888.

As your notice of my handbook to the Royal Gallery at Venice, which appeared in the *ACADEMY* of December 22, is prefaced by a remark likely to create misconception on a matter relating to my official duties, I shall feel obliged by your allowing me to correct it.

It happens that these little handbooks of mine are the result of notes made in Continental galleries during such leisure as my brief annual holiday affords. But, quite irrespective of this fact, I beg to add that I am in no way responsible for the delay which has occurred in issuing the new edition of the larger "Foreign Schools" catalogue of pictures in the National Gallery, for the simple reason that the revision of that work has not been committed to my care.

CHARLES L. EASTLAKE.

It was not my intention to imply that Mr. Eastlake was in any way responsible for the delay in issuing a new edition of the larger catalogue of the National Gallery (Foreign Schools), and I regret that my words were open to such an interpretation.

THE WRITER OF THE NOTICE.

### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

BESIDES the Royal Academy, there will be opened next week two exhibitions at the Fine Art Society's in New Bond Street—a collection of fifty drawings of "The Queen's Navy," by Mr. W. L. Wyllie; and what is described as a "champion" photographic exhibition. The Camera Club will also open on Monday the second of their "one-man" photographic exhibitions, consisting of large direct pictures in platinum, by Mr. Harry Tolley, of Nottingham. The usual winter exhibition at the Grosvenor will not, we understand, be ready till a fortnight later.

The Society of Lady Artists will hold its annual exhibition of paintings, etchings, and sculpture in the Drawing-room Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, in the spring. The days for sending in paintings are March 4 and 5; for sculpture, March 11.

The January number of the *Century Guild Hobby Horse* is interesting from the literary, and very attractive from the artistic, point of view. The magazine is now issued directly from the Chiswick Press, so that it is under the most direct control of its editors. The principal illustration this time is a good photogravure from the Queen's Tintoret at Hampton Court—"The Nine Muses." The head and tail-pieces are, as usual, exquisite, and essentially decorative. We welcome Mr. Horne's brief and sympathetic account of James Gibbs, the architect to whom London owes the Great St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and the delightful little church of St. Mary-le-Strand. But the principal

literary contribution is a most excellent chapter by Mr. Kegan Paul on "English Prose Style." This was first given as a lecture at Bedford College. We hope the ladies—by whom, as a rule, the very existence of the art of style is unsuspected—marked, learnt, and inwardly digested what Mr. Kegan Paul told them. And if they did not, here is again their chance—the chance of the great public too!

Though we do not greatly care for Mr. L. Muller's etching from "School Belles," a picture by Mr. Fred Morgan, the *Art Journal* begins its new year in a promising manner with an excellent study by Mr. Claude Phillips on the French painter of romantic history, M. J. P. Laurens. Mrs. Sitwell's paper, on "Types of Beauty in Renaissance and Modern Art," is interesting; and Mr. Richard Davey's, on portraits of Mary Stuart, very opportune. The new feature of the magazine is an illustrated supplement, entitled *Art and Industries*. This may be made a very interesting and useful addition, if it is kept clear from all suspicion of trade advertisement.

THE January number of the *Scottish Art Review*—which is now published in London by Mr. Elliot Stock—contains two plates: (1) an etching by Mr. William Hole after James Maris, which will be familiar to those who are fortunate enough to possess the catalogue of the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1886; and (2) a reproduction of a drawing of a head by George Clausen. Among the literary contents we may notice some stanzas by Mr. Gosse, entitled "Old Morality"; the first of a series of practical papers on "Etching and Etchings," by Mr. Frank Short; and an illustrated article on "Roman Models."

### THE STAGE.

"MACBETH" AT THE LYCEUM.

A PERFORMANCE of "Macbeth" by actors of intelligence, the rolling forth of the great words of Shakspeare, the presentation of the scenes with which his mind was inspired in the most august of its periods, could, of course, never fail to be interesting; but no performance of "Macbeth" that has been given in our time has been attended with such promise of legitimate excitement as that to which we were invited last Saturday. The policy, now seemingly established in permanence at the Lyceum—whether for good or ill—of paying the utmost attention to scenic effect, would, it was felt, at all events result in the accumulation of external adornment, of all manner of pomp and circumstance, in the representation of the play. The most engaging as well as the most original of contemporary English composers had promised music which was to supersede Lock's—which has held the stage during two hundred years. The sympathetic actress whom not to admire is, whether in England or America, to be that which Lady Teazle, with the wisdom of her sex, entirely declined to be—"out of the fashion"—was to act for the first time a part which, unlike her more familiar part of Juliet, makes from end to end upon its exponent the claim of tragedy. And how was that claim to be responded to? Lastly, the actor whose place for the last twelve years has been the leading one upon the stage was to repeat, with probably some modifications or some emphasis, and with in any case the weight of an added experience, a performance whose merits had been strongly contested, though a performance

which was very far from being the failure that certain rough and irresponsible criticism had elected to declare it.

As there can be no manner of need for the discussion in the *ACADEMY* of all the details of a production discussed already with great elaboration elsewhere, and as I have little disposition to write the thousand-and-first paper on "Macbeth," and to narrate with cheerful air of novelty the adventures of its *dramatis personae*—as if the world were now hearing of them for quite the first time—let it be said at once, and briefly, that the promise of interest was entirely fulfilled. "Macbeth," as it is now given, will be a brilliant and a justified success; and, if one were inclined to differ far more than, with a merely superficial knowledge, one would venture to differ from the interpretation which some leading exponents therein essay to set forth, one would yet forgive much for the satisfaction of knowing that the leading actor of the time is now occupied nightly in a task quite worthy of his position and his strength. The "Faust" of Goethe is one thing. The "Faust" of Mr. Wills is another. Some debt we owe to Mr. Irving for his missionary service to the German poet—he set people reading Goethe who had listened to the verse of Mr. Wills. But now the real thing—the substance, and not the name of it—is at the theatre. No after-course is required, either as penance or as pleasure. The poet who furnishes the title furnishes, too, the matter of the evening's occupation.

On the question of scenic effect, I have to avow myself a little heretical and rebellious, and to repeat an opinion that a too great reality in the accessory and ornament does tend to divert attention from the business of the play. But, though there are plays—Sheridan's "Rivals," as it was done at the Haymarket, is one of them, and I am not sure but that "Romeo and Juliet," as it was done at the Lyceum, is not another—of which the action is somewhat effaced and its effect interfered with by a too opulent exhibition of the decorator's craft, there are others in which everything that may be done, if it be done well, is an aid to the imagination, rather than a weight about its feet. "Macbeth" is one of these. What adornment can be given to it must be given chiefly by the provision of background—background varied and significant, the true art of the scene-painter, which, unlike the parade of foreground properties, enters into no competition with the realities of the figure, but is pure art and pure accompaniment, even more when it is at its best than when it is less perfect. The scenery with which Mr. Hawes Craven and his fellows have endowed the present revival of "Macbeth," with its studied illumination, its weird obscurity, its flushed sunsets—a very "portent," like Mr. Albert Goodwin's—is conceived and executed in the spirit of the play; and one could no more find fault with it than one could find fault with the selected words in which Mr. Browning, as in "Ivan Ivanovitch" or in "The Flight of the Duchess," sets about his figures the landscape that is proper to them, or by which Mr. Thomas Hardy stretches the horizon of the heath behind the stately lines of his Ethelberta or his Bathsheba, and folds the darkness of the country night round his Eustacia Vye.



So much then for the scenery. It is extraordinarily helpful and poetic, and those who pass before it are grouped with singular skill. Of the technical qualities of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music there can no doubt be little question; but what is yet more evident—what an outsider in these matters may quite safely pronounce upon—is its dramatic significance, its poetic suggestiveness. Whether in march-movement, in passages weird and ominous, or in a strain that is serene and radiant—like the exquisite chorus that surprises the playgoer at the end of the cauldron scene—it is alike a contribution of high value to one's entrance into the spirit of the play. And having said this, the way is cleared for some expression of opinion on the acting. Those actors who are engaged in secondary parts may possibly have perceived a measure of truth in Samuel Johnson's remark that the play "has no nice discriminations of character." They, at least, will hardly dispute the accuracy of the criticism that "the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions," and that "the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents." For that is, after all, only another way of saying that, for stage purposes, the secondary characters in "Macbeth" cannot be made extraordinarily effective. Mr. Webster's agreeable personality does, indeed, suffer him to be pleasant as Malcolm. Of course, there is no reason why Mr. Haviland should not be gracious as the King. Mr. Wenman, as Banquo, is moderately forcible. Mr. Alexander is a goodly Macduff; and in the little part of Siward we get at all events all that we have a right to expect when we can hear the ripe rich utterance of Mr. Howe. As the Porter—a character most reasonably restored, it seems—Mr. Johnson has a brief but excellent chance for the quaintest of low comedy. Miss Coleridge appears most suitably as the young gentlewoman in waiting, who has heard "what she should not"; and by allotting to three ladies the parts of the witches, generally played by the most grotesque and ungainly of men, Mr. Irving has, as far as that matter goes, done a service. But Dr. Johnson is so far right that if the secondary parts were played quite perfectly, "Macbeth" would not gain very visibly in effectiveness, while, if they were played quite poorly, the piece might remain impressive. It is the function, practically, of Macbeth and of Lady Macbeth alone, to excite now our horror and now our sympathy; and—with whatever qualifications we may choose to make—the function is fulfilled largely when those parts are in the hands of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry.

Miss Terry's being the new assumption, her's it was that excited the greatest curiosity. Persons whose conception of Lady Macbeth is sharply defined, and somewhat inflexible, and is based more or less on the stage traditions which the country actress has inherited from Mrs. Siddons—the tradition of a demon somehow not completely unsexed—cannot accept Miss Terry as satisfactory, and nobody is invited to accept her as entirely ideal. The very view she takes of the part is, at least unconsciously, one must venture to say, affected by her own personality. But how is this admission in itself to be construed into blame, when we remember that after all the personality of

the player is the whole of his material? It is the instrument to which the dramatist's music has of necessity to be adapted. Miss Terry's uses of that instrument are, in certain passages of her Lady Macbeth, quite other than any she has hitherto employed. Her Lady Macbeth, instead of emphasising her limitations, reveals some hitherto unsuspected resource. Obviously, for pure terror, for a ghostly and gruesome impressiveness, she cannot do with the sleep-walking scene what, to speak of our own generation only, has been done with it by Ristori. But she fills it, for almost the first time, with infinite pathos; and if one of the functions of tragedy is "to purify by terror," the other is "to purify by pity." Effective in the murder scene, Miss Terry is almost commanding in the banquet. Gracious and earnest and serious, to Macbeth she can be exquisitely tender. The line—

"You lack the season of all natures—sleep"—was never said to Macbeth before with so much of explanation in the tone, or with so much of comforting quietude. One criticism—in the nature of a suggestion rather—I should like to make beyond saying broadly that the performance wants without doubt some further indication of evil. In our realistic day—when the human "document" is studied by the creative artist so closely in every phase of its disease and its sanity—is there no method of implying, and no reasonableness in implying, Lady Macbeth's nervous instability at some earlier stage than that of the sleep-walking scene? From a single visit perhaps one judges wrongly and roughly; but if my memory is to be trusted, or if my observation was properly alert, the new Lady Macbeth made, with nothing less than the usual suddenness of her forerunners, the transition from vigour to collapse. I can conceive that even the line that I have quoted might be taught to bear the message and convey the hint of Lady Macbeth's own condition. Had she herself, with such a Past behind her and such a Future almost within sight—had she herself "the season of all natures"?

Macbeth—dominated by the supernatural, but of desperate courage in the presence of all possible combinations of men—who, whatever may have been "long the subject of conjugal debate" (to quote from Mr. Comyns Carr's extremely able pamphlet), was certainly a thousand times more averse to encountering the moment of the murder than to encountering any array of armed men in battle—Macbeth is presented by Mr. Irving, in the main, with extraordinary force, feeling, and subtlety. Whatever may be the theory of the actor as to the facility with which the suggestion of foul play was embraced, and whatever may be his skill—to my mind it is extreme skill—in suggesting the first fears or the last recklessness, it is certain that Mr. Irving misses no jot of opportunity in delivering with fire or pathos all that is grand in the language or touching in the thought of the character. And if, after the murder scene, nothing is fully its equal in effectiveness, until there comes the crowded hour in which Macbeth is told of his wife's death, and the moment when it is revealed to him that "juggling fiends" can

"keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope"—

that is, at least, partly because there is in the play itself a certain pause in the splendour of its action. The pause is at all events not long or not final; and now, as thirteen years ago, the play's end, as Mr. Irving interprets it, is of superb effectiveness, to summon our admiration for the courage, almost our pity for the fate, of its main character. This Lyceum revival—whether by its general spirit or by the combined breadth and sensibility of those impersonations on which attention is most concentrated—must be recognised as a boon to the public. Having regard to the immensity of the effort, the "shortcomings," are comparatively few, and no labour accomplished with such thoroughness can ever have been undertaken without delight.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

#### STAGE NOTES.

*Place aux enfants!* Drury Lane Pantomime was not made for them. Nothing of the kind! Adelphi melodrama was not made for them. Nothing of the kind! Then let these wait till next week. But there are three entertainments suited for children in London; and we will say what they are. One of them is Mr. Savile Clarke's version of "Alice in Wonderland." It is played daily at the Globe Theatre, by a cast not by any means incompetent to deal with it. Another is Miss Rosina Filippi's children's pantomime—"Goody Two-shoes," done every afternoon at the Court. This is arranged skilfully, and even sympathetically. Both for the book of the words and for its interpretation something is to be said. But the really beautiful thing to see—and it is happily humorous too—is of course the Opéra Comique performance of the "Real Little Lord Fauntleroy," in which the three chief parts are played by Mr. Somerset, Miss Mary Rorke, and the admirable child-actress Vera Beringer. The play itself is so genuinely charming that people might be impressed favourably with any decent interpretation of it. Yet it is not until Vera Beringer has been seen as the Little Lord that the best judges can express themselves as perfectly satisfied. For her performance is just as full of good breeding as it is full of cleverness, and, the part being what it is, therein lies half of the performance's merit. Mr. Somerset's more than elderly noblemen is a distinguished and engaging wreck. Miss Mary Rorke's unvarying stage tact, her womanliness, the exceptional quality of her voice—together with her knowledge how to use it—cannot but ensure for the representation of the character of the young widow something more than justice—charm.

#### MUSIC.

##### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

FROM Messrs. Augener & Co. we have received: *Beethoven's Nine Symphonies* arranged for the pianoforte by Mr. E. Pauer. It is only the few who can read and enjoy a full score. Most people require to hear the music played. A pianoforte is always to hand—not so an orchestra. Beethoven's master works demand constant study, so that pianoforte transcriptions of them are necessities. Musicians who first become acquainted with the Symphonies by the aid of a colourless key-board will find the music of absorbing interest, and later on the life and colour supplied by the orchestra will enhance their pleasure. And those who play them over after having heard them performed—if only they have a retentive

memory and a little imagination—will hear mentally, not the sounds of the pianoforte, but those of the orchestra. Mr. E. Pauer has accomplished his task most successfully. Of course the transcriptions—especially of the later Symphonies—cannot possibly be easy playing, but everything has been done to reproduce fairly the composer's thoughts, and to avoid difficulty for difficulty's sake. In the second part of the ninth Symphony, the German text is given with the music.

Thalberg's *Nel silenzio fra l'error*, Nicodé's *Elfin Dance*, Scharwenka's *Staccato Study*, Nicodé's *Staccato Study*, are all useful practice and effective "Etudes de Concert." They are fingered and revised by Mr. E. Pauer.

Laubach's *Six Etudes* are thoroughly good. Various technical difficulties are neatly and pleasantly introduced.

*Prelude and Fugue*. By A. Napoleon. This piece may be recommended as an excellent study. The Prelude is simple and effective. The Fugue, with a good theme, begins well; but the writing soon becomes quite modern, and Rhapsody would be a better title for the piece.

*Fleurs et Chansons*, two Books, *Albumblätter*, *Idylles*, *Miniatures*, *Canzonette*, *Serenatelle*, by Del Valle de Paz. All these different collections of pieces are short, pleasing, and of moderate difficulty. Besides, they are well-written, and combine instruction with amusement. They are really studies in piece form, and are "morceaux de salon" in the best sense of the term. Teachers will find them extremely useful.

*Dances hongroises, Valses Styriennes, Danses Bohèmes Galop*, by F. Kirchner. The composer's name is well-known, and anything from his pen is sure to be good. All these pianoforte duets are attractive, and will please young players who cannot yet attempt Schubert's and Schumann's more difficult four-hand compositions.

*Die Weihe der Töne*. An excellent duet, arrangement for pianoforte, of Spohr's admired Symphony, by Mr. Max Pauer, a clever pianist and sound musician.

Handel's 7th *Organ Concerto*. This fine work has been edited by Mr. W. T. Best, who played it at the Handel Festival last summer. The cadenza then introduced by him in the first movement is here fully written out.

*Cecilia*, edited by Mr. W. T. Best. Books 35, 37, 38 and 39 of this valuable collection of organ pieces in diverse styles include compositions by Bach, Hesse, Fumagalli, Schneider, Wesley, &c.; and the editor has contributed a graceful Christmas Pastoral.

Bach's *Organ Works*, edited by Mr. W. T. Best. Part iii. includes five of the master's immortal Preludes and Fugues.

*Pezzi Originale per Organo*, by F. Capocci. Useful pieces for organists. The music is in many ways clever. A solid Fugue shows that the composer has studied counterpoint. The numbers which best please us are the Entrata, the Larghetto, and the Minuetto.

*Theme, with Variations*, for Organ. By T. T. Noble. The theme is graceful, and the variations are solid and effective.

Hermann's *Etudes Spéciales pour Violon*, parts i. ii. and iii., and Courvoisier's *Méthode de Violon*, parts i. and ii. Some of the best studies, and one of the best methods for the king of instruments.

*The Flood*. By Gurlitt. This is an interesting work. The words have been selected from

the Bible by Mr. J. P. Metcalfe, who, in a short preface, assigns to his "Reading in Church, Recitation, and Chorus" a place somewhere between the Hymnal and the great Oratorio. It is an experiment likely, we should think, to meet with success. The choruses are of moderate length, and of moderate difficulty; while the music is fresh and tuneful, and the part-writing generally shows a skilful and practised hand. Some of the numbers are marked to be sung as choruses or solos. If the latter method—which would give greater variety—should be adopted, the work would be in fact a small oratorio.

*Sacred Songs*. By Molique. For one voice (Op. 48), for two voices (Op. 49), and for three voices (Op. 51). There are six in each set, and they are all melodious and charming. It must have cost the composer no small pains to keep his song so simple, his rhythm so uncomplicated, and his forms so modest.

We may further mention *Popular Pieces*, by Corelli, transcribed for the Pianoforte from the Sonatas and Concertos for strings, revised by Mr. E. Pauer. "Canzonette toscane," by Della Morea, pleasing and characteristic; "Six Songs," by F. H. Crossley, graceful and musicianlike; "Ten Songs for Children," by Reinecke, with English words—charming little numbers, with dainty accompaniments; "Scottish Songs," arranged by Laubach for viola and piano, and cello and piano, and set in quite simple fashion; and "Standard English Songs," arranged by Gurlitt, as short and easy pianoforte duets.

All these publications, by Messrs. Augener, are remarkably clear in print, and cheap in price.

From Messrs. Metzler & Co.:

*Metzler's Red Album*, Nos. 1-4. No. 1 contains nine songs by popular composers—Sullivan, Goring, Thomas, Berthold Tours, and others; No. 2 is a similar collection; No. 3 contains modern compositions of a light kind for the pianoforte; and No. 4 six pieces for violin and piano. Of these last we may mention Mr. Higgs's *Canzonetta* and Mr. Tours's *Swing Song* as graceful and pleasing. Each of the four numbers costs only one shilling.

*Ten Songs*. By Lawrence Kellie. The opening number is quiet and orderly; No. 3 ("Far Away") shows great taste and feeling, and some of the others are gracefully written; but Nos. 2, 4, 5 and 9 are rambling and scrambling.

*Please sing Me a Song*. By R. B. Addison. This is an album of songs for the young, with very pretty words by Mary Chater and Ellis Walton. The music is extremely well written, and shows a good deal of fancy. Children will enjoy the songs.

*The Lifted Veil*. By J. Barnby. A quiet, simple song for mezzo-soprano; grateful to the singer.

*Midsummer Night*. By Percy Reeve. A light, flowing song, with a graceful accompaniment, and an obbligato violin part.

*You ask Me why I Love*. By L. Kellie. A fidgety and commonplace song.

*The Vanguard March*. For Pianoforte. By H. M. Higgs. An easy and well-written piece.

*Christmas Album of Dance Music*. This will be acceptable during the present festive season.

W. WILLIAMS'S "White Mouse" quadrille, Crowe's "Rose Queen" waltz, E. Dumaine's "Pocket" polka, and Mrs. Maddison's "Diana" waltz, with an elegant lithograph on title-page, like the above album, will be found useful.

*Original Compositions*. For Violin and Piano. By H. M. Higgs. This collection may be recommended to young players who wish for something not too difficult and not dry. They are capital little drawing-room pieces.

From Messrs. Hutchins & Co.:

*Old Time and the Maiden*. By R. Harvey. A rather effective song in Old English style.

*When the Soft Spring Winds are blowing*. By H. Hill. A smooth, flowing song for soprano and tenor.

*Not at Home*. By Annie E. Armstrong. A light and not very original song. The composer has written better things than this.

*Wedding March*, for Organ. By W. J. Westbrook. This is an effective transcription of Sir Julius Benedict's well-known March.

*Rêve d'Innocence*. By H. Croft. A short and elegant "morceau de salon" for pianoforte.

*The Little Drummer*. By R. W. Oberhoffer. An easy pianoforte piece; a trifle monotonous, but good practice for young players.

*La Cloche d'Argent*. By C. de Thiere. A very simple gavotte for pianoforte. The composer ought to know that a gavotte should begin on the third beat of the bar.

*De Montfort's Daughter*: Cantata for Female Voices. By Julian Edwards. The music consists of solos, a duet, and choruses; and all the numbers are graceful and suitably written for the voices. There is a good deal of taste displayed in the pianoforte accompaniment. Well sung, the little work would prove effective.

From Edwin Ashdown:

*A Heaven on Earth*: Song. By Carl Wilmoughby. A quiet unpretentious composition.

*Stars of the Summer Night*: Song. By E. D. Palmer. An ordinary setting of Longfellow's familiar words. There is a violin accompaniment *ad lib.*

*Waiting for Thee! Arabian Serenade! Little Lady Bountiful*. By Michael Watson. These three songs are not of a very high order. But tastes differ, and they may please some who like light simple strains. The Serenade is the best of the three.

*Un Aveu*. Mélodie pour Piano. Par T. Mattei. Sentimental, yet well written, and, in its way, pleasing.

From Messrs. Beal & Co.:

*In After Years*. By M. Watson. An ordinary kind of ballad.

*From Dark to Dawn*. By O. Barri. A tuneful song which sets one thinking of certain popular composers.

*Spanish Dance*. By G. P. Moore. A light and agreeable little piece for pianoforte.

*On the Moonlight Deep*, and *Ring o' Bells*. By M. Watson. Two short easy pieces for pianoforte; well-written for the instrument.

## MUSIC NOTES.

MR. EDWARD DANNREUTHER is writing a *History of Musical Graces and Ornaments*, with copious illustrations and examples. The work will consist of two parts, the first from Diruta (1593) to Seb. Bach (1685-1750); the second from Emanuel Bach (1714-88) to the present day. It will be issued in the course of this year as one of Novello, Ewer & Co.'s Primers, edited by Sir J. Stainer.



**THEATRES.**

**ADELPHI THEATRE.**

Messrs. A. and S. Gatti beg to announce that  
THE SILVER FALLS,  
a new and original drama, by George K. Sims and Henry Pettitt, will be  
produced on Saturday, Dec. 22. Mr. William Terries, &c.

**AVENUE THEATRE.**

This evening, at 8.15, NADY.  
Messrs. J. J. Dallas, J. Tapley, Alec Marsh, Leon Roche, and Mr. Arthur  
Roberts; Mesdames Giulia Warwick, Clara Graham, Florence McVillie,  
Sallie Turner, and Millie Vanoni.  
Preceded at 7.30, by  
QUITS.

**COMEDY THEATRE.**

This evening, at 8, UNCLASSED AND UNTOUCHED.  
Messrs. W. S. Fenley, T. G. Warren, W. Draycott, W. Wyse, W.  
Everard, W. Lestock; Misses G. Grahame, Daly, Elton, Lee, Scarlett, V.  
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Preceded, at 8, by  
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Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.  
This Evening, at 8, the celebrated Criterion Comedy, by F. C. BURNARD,  
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THE DOWAGER.

**GLOBE THEATRE.**

Mr. Richard Mansfield will open his season on Saturday Evening,  
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With new scenery and new dresses. Will be preceded at 8 precisely by  
EDITHA'S BURGLAR.  
Mr. Lionel Brough as the Burglar.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**

Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERHORN TRESE.  
Every evening, at 8.30, the new and original Drama, by Mr. Haddon  
Chambers, entitled  
CAPTAIN SWIFT.  
Messrs. Tree, Mackillo, Kombe, Fuller Melish, Allan, Harwood, Harrison  
and Brookfield; Lady Monckton, Mesdames Rose Leclercq, Cudmore, and  
Tina.  
Preceded, at 7.30, by DUCHESS OF BAYSWATER CO.

**OPERA COMIQUE THEATRE.**

Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. J. HARRIS.  
To-night, at 8.15, romantic comic opera,  
CARINA.  
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Julian Cross, Buckley, Gurney, Morrell, Grace, Mayeur, &c.; Mesdames  
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Mr. F. Wensley, Mr. W. F. Hawtreay; Miss Alma Stanley, Miss Charlotte  
Zetlin, Miss Florence Lancaster, Miss Mary Glover, Miss G. Baring, Miss  
Nellie Bennett, Miss Stella Leigh, Mr. S. Baring, and Miss Marie Linden.  
Preceded, at 8, by  
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